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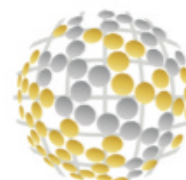
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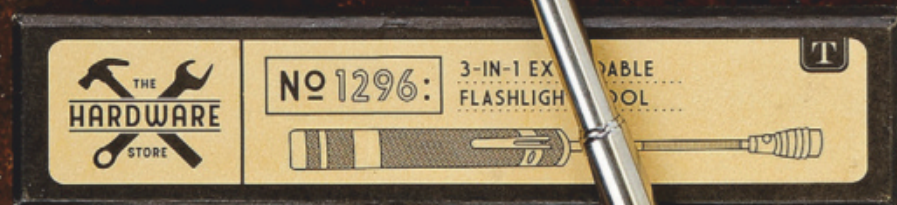
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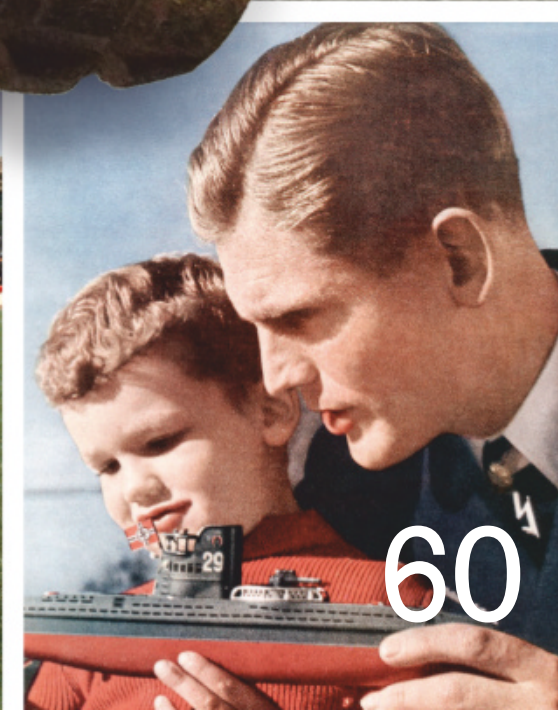


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30

Photo op—or assassination op?
The proximity of Allied leaders
Stalin, Roosevelt, and Churchill
at the Tehran Conference
inspired a German plot.

U.S. ARMY PHOTO
COVER: LIBRARY OF CONGRESS;
PHOTO ILLUSTRATION BY BRIAN WALKER



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WORLD WAR II

AUGUST 2020

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AUGUST 2020



Hermann Göring, here in February 1938, kept lion cubs as pets, giving them free run of his home.

Historian James Holland's new column, "Need to Know," begins with this issue. But longtime *World War II* readers already know his work. Check out this exceptional story, from our July/August 2016 issue:

Larger Than Life: the Infamous Hermann Göring

The German Reichsmarschall and Luftwaffe head was an outsize character in every sense of the term—one who used nerve, skill, and ruthlessness to become the Führer's right-hand man.

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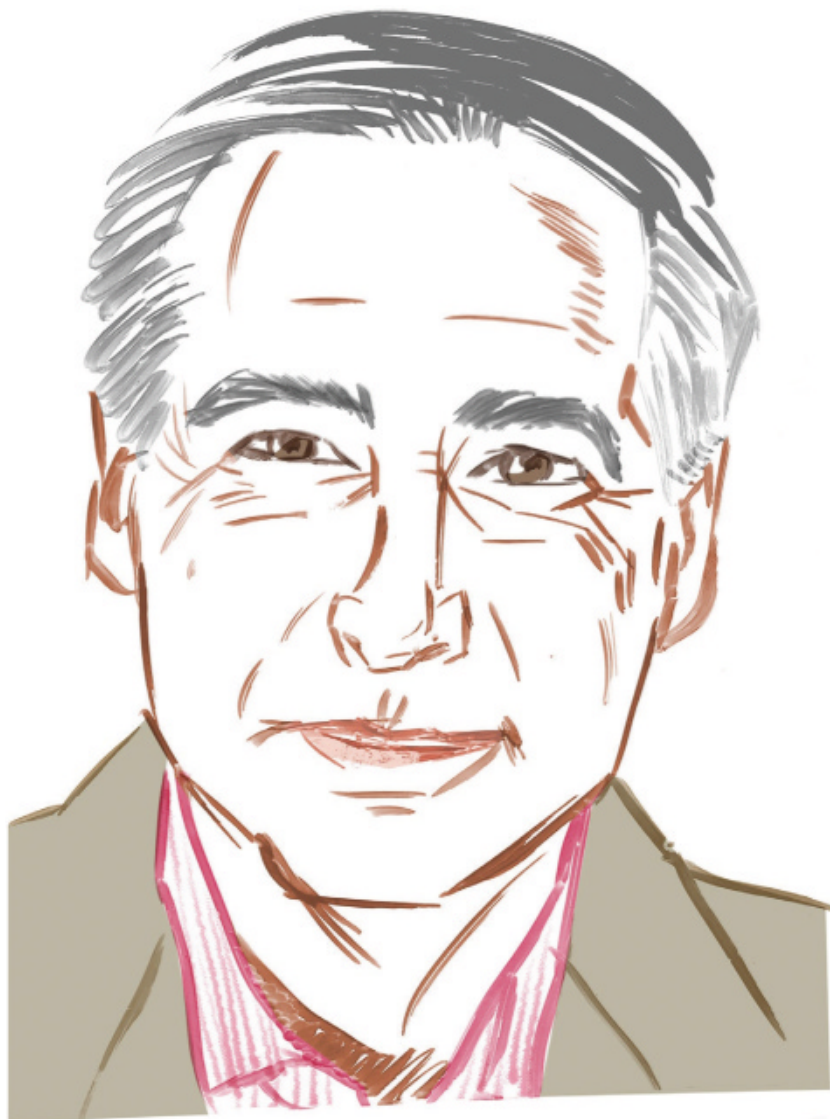
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CONTRIBUTORS

HOWARD BLUM (“Destination Tehran”) is the author of *Night of the Assassins: The Untold Story of Hitler’s Plot to Kill FDR, Churchill, and Stalin*, which served as the basis for this issue’s cover story. Published in June 2020, the book is based on memoirs, archival documents, and recently declassified intelligence reports. Blum, a former *New York Times* reporter and a two-time nominee for the Pulitzer Prize for Investigative Reporting, has written several bestselling nonfiction books.

JESSICA WAMBACH BROWN (“Last Stop USA”) is a Montana-based history and travel writer. Following tips from loyal *World War II* reader Rose Lictro, she visited Rockland County, New York, where staff at the Orangetown Historical Museum and Archives helped her sleuth out the story of how the U.S. Army

transformed a sleepy farm town into a lively camp that saw nearly 1.3 million soldiers off to war.

DAN FOST (“Able and Ready”), a former reporter for the *San Francisco Chronicle*, is a freelance writer in San Rafael, California, who’s written about everything from baseball to technology. In the 1990s, Fost accompanied friends on a trip to the South Pacific to trace their father’s World War II travels through the Republic of Vanuatu. When his own father-in-law later expressed an interest in doing the same in Tinian, in the Northern Mariana Islands, Fost jumped at the chance.

GAVIN MORTIMER (“Gentleman’s War”) is a British historian who has written extensively about wartime special forces. Among these units was the British Special Boat Squad-

ron, which had in its ranks Porter Jarrell, an American medic and conscientious objector. Jarrell’s war began when he volunteered for the American Field Service (AFS) in 1941. Composed mainly of pacifists and intellectuals, AFS members served as stretcher-bearers and ambulance drivers in some of the war’s fiercest battles.

APRIL WHITE (“Makeup Artist to the Spies”) first learned about makeup man Newton Jones the same way she’s discovered most of the historic topics she’s covered: by accident while researching something else entirely. White has mined the archives for *Smithsonian*, *Atlas Obscura*, and *The Atavist Magazine*, among other publications. She is currently writing a book on the socialites who pioneered modern marriage on America’s frontier.

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WHERE THERE'S SMOKE?

IN YOUR APRIL ISSUE'S COVER STORY ("Justice Denied?"), Joseph Connor writes that Joachim Peiper died in a fire that destroyed his house in eastern France, that his body burned beyond recognition, and that the killers were never found. How much of a cynic do I have to be to believe that there were enough Nazi sympathizers in that region of France, or nearby in Germany, with the ability to slip Peiper out of the house, plant an unidentifiable body,

SS colonel Joachim Peiper (left) was handsome, decorated, charismatic—and beyond ruthless.

set the house on fire, and provide Peiper with a new identity and location? Was any effort made to identify the burnt body through, say, dental records?

MERLIN DORFMAN
SAN JOSE, CALIF.

Joseph Connor responds:

Your question is an excellent one. A popular theory immediately after Peiper's death was that the former SS colonel had killed one of his attackers and dragged the body into the burning house to make it appear as if he had died in the fire.

What fueled these rumors was the lack of the type of airtight identification we now expect in murder cases—but Peiper's case was an unusual one. His body was unrecognizable, shrunk to fewer than two and a half feet in length, and of his mouth, only one tooth and the left segment of the upper jaw survived. At the time, in 1976, DNA identification of human remains was not possible.

Peiper's autopsy report has never been made public. French law provides that it must remain sealed until the case is solved or 100 years have passed—and since Peiper's killers have never been identified, the case remains open. While they lacked 100 percent certainty, French authorities said they found no evidence to suggest the body belonged to anyone other than Peiper. It bears noting, too, that Peiper was never seen again, and that his family accepted that he was the one killed in the fire.

MALMEDY MISCONDUCT

I found the article regarding the prosecution of the Malmedy massacre defendants to be very informative. I'm curious as to whether any disciplinary action was taken against the investigators who fatally compromised the prosecution of the defendants through their use of illegal interrogation techniques.

STEPHEN GEER
HORSEHEADS, N.Y.

Notes Connor:

Records of the Malmedy trial and post-trial proceedings provide no indication of any disciplinary action being taken against these investigators. By the time of the Senate hearings in 1949, the men had all returned to civilian life.

FROM THE EDITOR

The friendly face below belongs to James Holland, author of our new column, "Need to Know," which premieres this issue. James is a superstar: the British historian is author of a distinguished array of books, including 13 significant World War II histories and nine works of fiction. He has a weekly World War II podcast—*We Have Ways of Making You Talk*



(with comedian Al Murray)—has written and presented a large number of television programs; and is chair of the Chalke Valley History Festival, held yearly near his Salisbury, Wiltshire, hometown, in the south of England. I'm delighted to introduce you to him and am thrilled to present his column.

Some of you may have noticed you're receiving this issue later than usual, a result of closings due to the coronavirus. But please rest assured that our full complement of issues is in production and that you won't miss anything. We know you wouldn't want to.

—Karen Jensen

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Peiper's troops shot 84 American POWs (memorialized here) just days before killing civilians in the Belgian village of Stavelot, including the boy below.



KEEPING VIGIL

I am a World War II veteran who, at the time of the Battle of the Bulge, served with my regiment in and around Liège, Belgium. We became aware of the Malmedy massacre within a few days of the act. Many, many years later, two colleagues and I had the opportunity to visit Liège and Bastogne on a business trip. On the way to Bastogne, we visited Malmedy. We stopped at a little store and asked where we could find the massacre site, and an employee pointed across the road. There we found an open field, where there was a small hut. We went in and were very surprised to see fresh flowers and maybe a half-dozen burning candles. What a wonderful, simple memorial for those fallen, unprepared men.

WALLY CURRY
NEW BERN, N.C.

PIED PEIPER

I'd like to add some additional footnotes to Peiper's well-known saga. Intelligent, handsome, charismatic, situationally aware, and fearless in battle, he makes a most equally evil showpiece of the German war effort. Many SS apologists or revisionists highlight the fact that Peiper was not even physically present when the Malmedy massacre occurred, as if this somehow abrogated guilt.

Peiper arrived beside the field of doomed American prisoners just minutes before they were executed. When his half-track came to a stop, he gave a stern berating to SS Major Werner Poetschke, the tank officer serving as his functioning deputy. What Peiper said to Poetschke is not known (Poetschke was killed before the war ended), but the SS battle group was drastically behind schedule. Peiper then continued on his way, accompanying the spearhead with several tanks and half-tracks. Shortly after that, the shooting of prisoners began.

From a tactical perspective, if Peiper—the battle group commander who had just reprimanded an SS major beside the field of prisoners—then continued down the road 900 or so feet, why did he do nothing when heavy machine gun fire broke out to his rear for several minutes? Wouldn't a well-seasoned

(continued on next page)

The Tuskegee Airmen (here in Ramitelli, Italy) earned acclaim for their low loss record flying Allied bomber escort missions.

ET 319-7



commander like himself have been concerned if the enemy was getting behind him and cutting his lines? Not unless he gave the order to shoot the American prisoners.

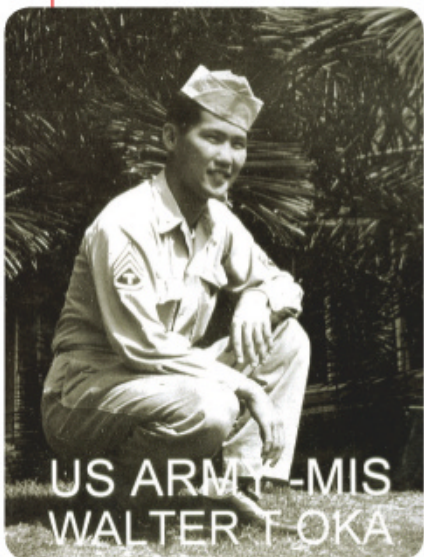
Two days after the American prisoners were executed, Peiper's battle group murdered more than 100 villagers—including children—in Stavelot, Belgium. A picture taken of war correspondent Jean Marin at the massacre site shows him staring down at the body of a five-year-old boy in his Sunday best [see previous page]. This image encapsulates what Joachim Peiper was truly about as an individual: ruthless and without compassion. Handsome, intelligent, and charismatic are disgustingly irrelevant in that context. Nothing mitigates cruelty.

C. HOFFMANN
COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO.

ALL-AMERICAN

I am 92 years old and served in the U.S. Army's Military Intelligence Service from 1946-49, during the occupation of Japan. I'd like to reply to those readers who responded to "Kenji's Story" in your February 2020 issue, sharing the opinion that

Camp Minidoka's facilities weren't so bad. I think they missed the point: the majority of internment camp residents—many of whom were born in America—were thrown without due process into concentration camps with armed machine gun towers, high barbed-wire fences, and armed guards patrolling the perimeters.



US ARMY-MIS
WALTER T. OKA

Yet despite this treatment more than 33,000 Japanese Americans served heroically during World War II in the European and Pacific theaters, with the 100th Infantry Battalion/442nd Regimental Combat Team becoming the most decorated unit of its size and length of service in the history of the U.S. military. In July 1946, President Harry S. Truman honored them at the White House, saying: "You fought not only the enemy, but you fought prejudice—and you have won."

WALTER TADAO OKA
CINCINNATI, OHIO

RISING ABOVE

I know that April 2020's "Conversation" with Harry Stewart is by no means the first article *World War II* has published regarding the accomplishments of the Tuskegee Airmen "Red Tails." But Stewart's story is especially inspirational if one considers how African Americans were discriminated against during World War II on top of the stringent requirements and pressures of pilot training. Officer Stewart is a shining light (albeit one of many) who has shown beyond doubt that the "Red Tails" were as good as, or better than, many of their white counterparts.

BARRY FAHNESTOCK
MIFFLINBURG, PENN.

PACK RAT

Your April 2020 issue's "Travel" section on Tulagi ("Trouble in Paradise") was a very interesting read. I had a brother-in-law who was in the 1st Marine Raider Battalion that landed on Tulagi. While there, he collected an extra pack of war souvenirs—about 100 pounds worth—and a Japanese rifle to sell to other sailors. When the Marines left Tulagi, they had to board the troop transports by landing nets. My brother-in-law had lost about 35 pounds and did not have the strength to climb all the way up with the gear he had. Because of this, he had to drop that extra pack and rifle into the ocean. This broke my heart laughing.

FRANK LUKEN
CHULA VISTA, CALIF.

Correction: In our April 2020 issue's Portfolio ("Con Artists"), we incorrectly identified the CCKW 353 cargo truck on page 63 as an M35.

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WWII TODAY

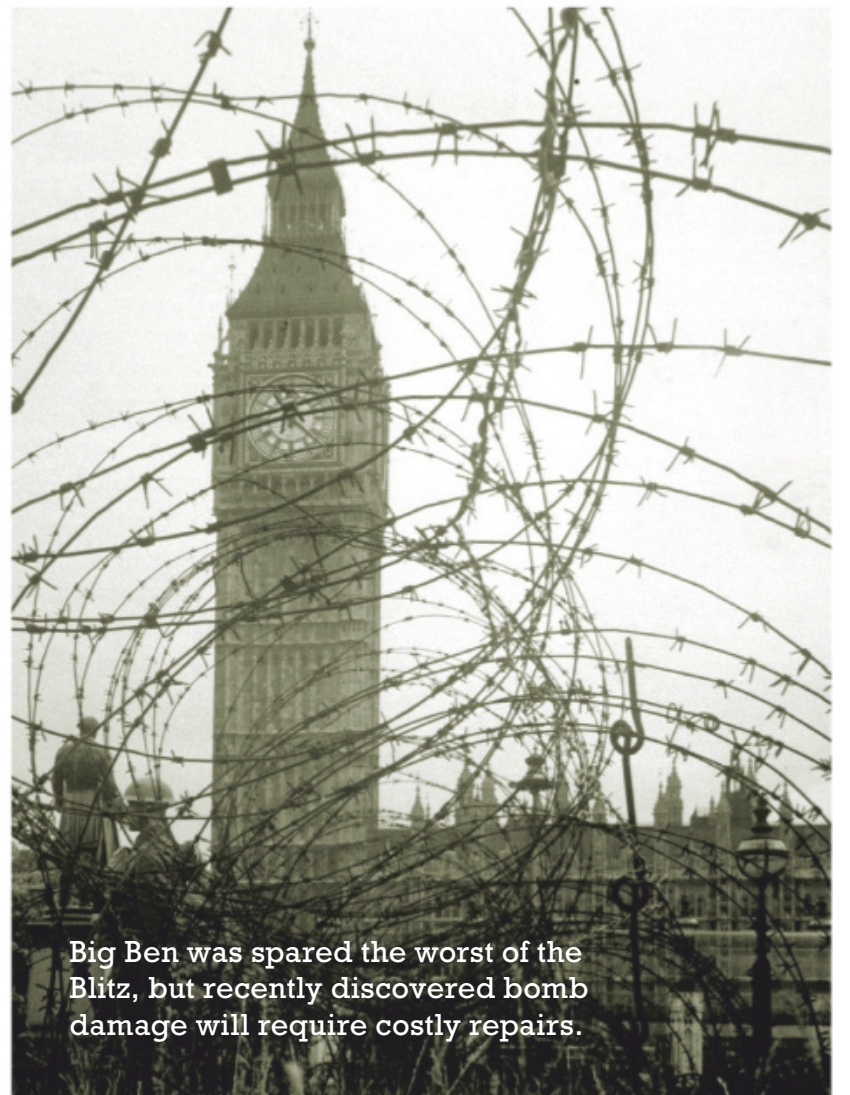
REPORTED AND WRITTEN BY PAUL WISEMAN

LANDMARK CELEBRATION'S NEW TWIST

GONE WERE THE PARADES honoring aging veterans. Locked down against Covid-19, Europe and the United States held subdued celebrations on May 8—the 75th anniversary of World War II's end

in Europe. Pictured, clockwise from above: British Prime Minister Boris Johnson celebrates outside 10 Downing Street; Paris's Avenue des Champs-Élysées, typically crowded on V-E Day, is eerily quiet; fireworks explode over Moscow's Luzhniki Olympic Complex; President Donald Trump and First Lady Melania Trump lay a wreath at Washington, D.C.'s World War II Memorial; Ukrainian President Volodymyr Zelensky visits a war monument near the Russian border; "Thank you" is projected onto Berlin's Brandenburg Gate in Russian, English, French, and German; amid empty streets, the Dutch city of Haarlem marks the anniversary with a display of flags.

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP: SERGEI FADEICHEV/TASS VIA GETTY IMAGES; JON BOND/AFP VIA GETTY IMAGES; FRANÇOIS MORI/AFP VIA GETTY IMAGES



Big Ben was spared the worst of the Blitz, but recently discovered bomb damage will require costly repairs.

BIG BEN BLITZ DAMAGE FOUND

THE BLITZ TOOK A BIGGER TOLL on Big Ben than anyone had thought.

Britain's House of Commons, which convenes in the building adjacent to London's iconic clock, said that craftsmen discovered unexpected damage from German bombs during ongoing restoration work to the Elizabeth Tower, where Big Ben is located. They found damage to fine carvings and glass shards in the clock dials, while additional inspections revealed asbestos and toxic lead paint in the belfry.

Together, these unhappy discoveries are expected to add 18.6 million British pounds (\$23.3 million) to the cost of refurbishing the 315-foot tower, bringing the bill to 79.7 million pounds (\$100 million).

The Elizabeth Tower has been covered in scaffolding since its restoration began in 2017, leaving the bells of Big Ben mostly silent. The project is expected to be finished next year.

Big Ben survived repeated German bombing attacks on London in 1940 and 1941. But a raid on May 10, 1941, damaged the tower roof and two clock dials and destroyed the House of Commons Chamber, which was rebuilt and reopened in 1950.

Residents of a village in the Swiss Alps may need long-term relocating for fear of a munitions dump explosion similar to one that occurred in 1947 (below).



BURIED SWISS ARMORY THREATENS EVACUATION

RESIDENTS OF A SWISS VILLAGE might have to leave home for a decade while the government secures a dangerous World War II ammunitions dump.

The Swiss defense ministry has declared that 3,500 tons of ammunition in a former armory pose an “unacceptable” risk to the people of nearby Mitholz, about 30 miles southeast of Bern, the capital. Now, they may need to abandon the village while the munitions are cleared away. The arsenal is currently buried under rock.

“Depending on how the work develops, residents should expect the evacuation to last up to more than 10 years,” the ministry told Agence France-Presse.

The village’s 170 residents would have to agree to the plan, which could begin by 2031. While authorities are proposing to remove the munitions completely, they are also considering a simpler idea: just burying the cache under more rock. The government expects to make a final decision on how to proceed by the fall.

The threat is not hypothetical: in 1947, an explosion of 7,000 tons of ammunition at the same armory killed nine people and destroyed the local train station.

Switzerland was neutral during the war but mounted a major mobilization to try to deter any German invasion plans.

GERMANY’S BISHOPS ADMIT NAZI COMPLICITY



Reverend Georg Bätzing (right) released a report critical of the German Catholic Church’s wartime role.

SEVENTY-FIVE YEARS after the fall of the Third Reich, Germany’s Catholic bishops admitted that the Church was complicit in Adolf Hitler’s rise and that it aided the Nazi war effort.

In a 23-page report released in May, the German Bishops’ Conference conceded that because Catholic leaders “did not oppose the war with a clear ‘no,’ and most of them bolstered [the German] will to endure, they made themselves complicit in the war.” The bishops may not have shared Hitler’s racist ideology, the report said, “but their words and their images gave succor both to soldiers and the regime prosecuting the war.”

The report determined that many bishops, often because of nationalist or anti-communist feelings, urged German Catholics to support the Nazis. Churches flew swastikas and their congregations prayed for Hitler’s protection on his 50th birthday in 1939. The Church also cooperated with the Nazi government by donating church properties to the military, offering nuns to work as army nurses, and dispatching priests to support frontline troops, which the report noted, “lent war an additional sense of purpose.” After the war, the Church condemned the Nuremberg war crimes trials as an un-Christian act of vengeance.

“This is not an easy task for us,” the Reverend Georg Bätzing, chairman of the German

ASK WWII

Q: A Japanese coworker of mine told me she believes that somewhere in New York City is a statue from Hiroshima that survived the August 6, 1945, atomic bomb. Is this true? —Darby Walker, New Market, Md.

A: *Hoshina Seki, President of the American Buddhist Society in New York, writes:*

Yes, this is true. Today a bronze statue of Shinran Shonin, the founder of Japanese Shin Buddhism, stands in front of the New York Buddhist Church on Manhattan's Upper West Side. The statue was a gift to my father, Reverend Hozen Seki, the founder of the American Buddhist Academy (now the American Buddhist Study Center).

The story of how the statue came to America begins in 1937. Seiichi Hirose, a metalworks industrialist from Osaka and a devout Jodo Shinshu Buddhist, had his craftsmen cast six identical bronze statues of Shinran. Each around 15 feet tall and weighing approximately 1,300 pounds, they were installed in 1937 and 1938 in Hiroshima, Osaka, Kyoto, Tokyo, Kuwana, and Niigata.

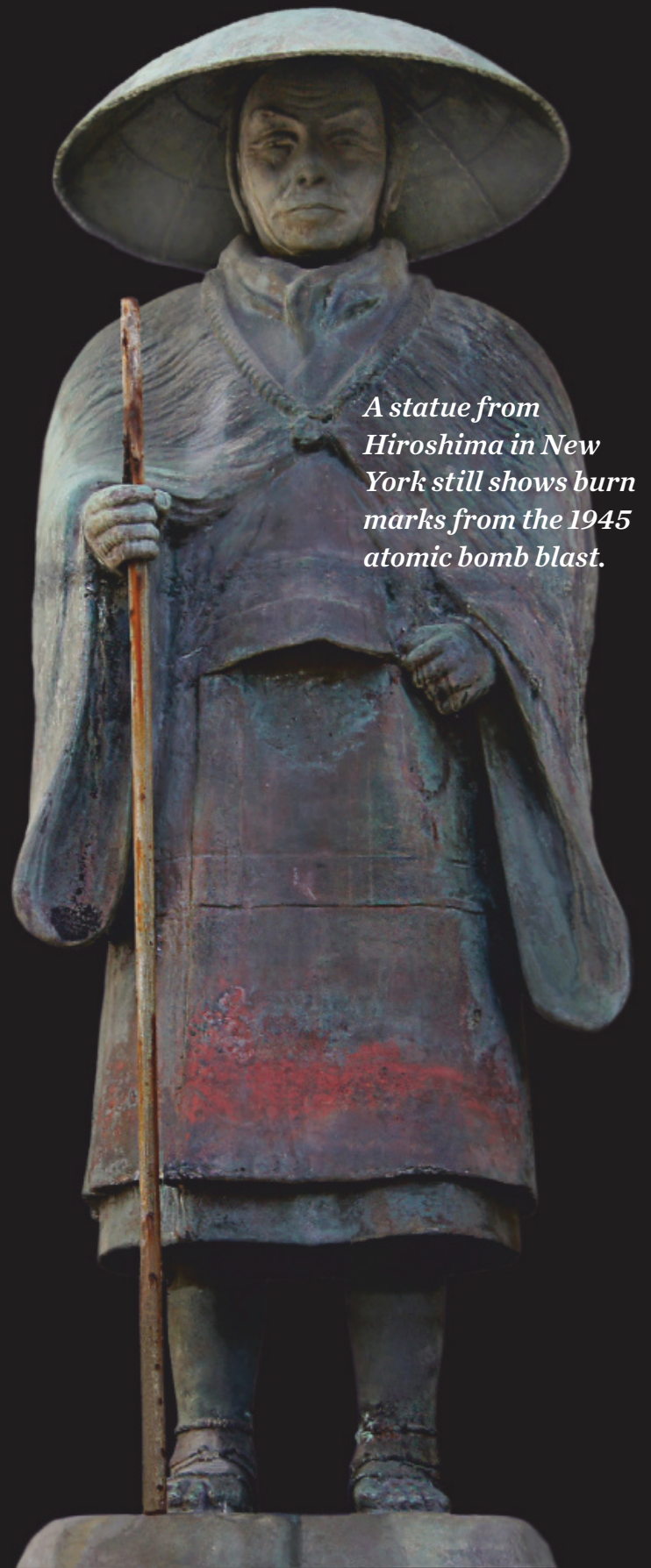
Three of the six statues were destroyed during the war; their metal was used for the Japanese government's war efforts. However, the one on Hijirigaoka, a hill that overlooks Hiroshima, remained. On August 6, 1945, the first atomic bomb dropped on the city. The epicenter was only about a mile away from the statue, which received the full blast and survived the horrific destruction all around it. Even now, you can still see red burn marks on the statue and detect very small traces of radioactivity.

The industrialist viewed the statue as an inspiration for peace, compassion, and harmony—central tenets of Buddhism, which teaches followers to be kind and gentle to all living things. After the war, he and my father agreed to bring the statue to New York City, which they considered to be the gateway to the world.

On September 11, 1955, the statue was unveiled in the courtyard of the American Buddhist Academy on Riverside Drive. There D. T. Suzuki, who introduced Zen Buddhism to the United States and was a good friend of my father's, gave the keynote address:

The present state of things as we are facing everywhere politically, economically, morally, intellectually, and spiritually is no doubt the result of our past thoughts and deeds we have committed as humans... we are, every one of us, responsible for the present world-situation filled with awesome forebodings.

It seems we still have much to learn about peace and harmony.



A statue from Hiroshima in New York still shows burn marks from the 1945 atomic bomb blast.

SEND QUERIES TO: Ask **World War II**, 1919 Gallows Road, Suite 400, Vienna, VA 22182 OR EMAIL: worldwar2@historynet.com

Bishops' Conference, told Britain's *Sunday Times*. However, he said, the Church had to "confront history in order to learn from it."

The Catholic Church has long faced criticism for remaining silent in the face of the Holocaust. In March, Pope Francis opened the Vatican archives on the wartime pontiff, Pope Pius XII, saying that the church "isn't afraid of history." The archives have been temporarily closed due to the coronavirus outbreak.



DISPATCHES

A World War II hand grenade, on exhibit for two years at the Eisenhower National Historic Site in Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, had to be destroyed after it **proved to be potentially live**. The army explosive was taken from either Omaha or Utah Beach in Normandy, France, where American troops landed on D-Day. The grenade was discovered in February after the National Park Service directed curators to check museum collections for live ordnance.

WORD OF MOUTH

HOW DID IT HAPPEN that an 18-year-old kid from Vallejo, California, found himself at Tokyo's Sugamo Prison, working inside the mouths of some of the world's most notorious war criminals? In 1946, just a few months out of high school, Ed Case enlisted in the U.S. Army to take advantage of the G.I. Bill and—because he had worked part-time in a dental lab while in school—landed a job as a dental assistant. Upon reaching Sugamo in January 1947, Case was assigned to the prison wing containing the Class A war criminals—once exalted leaders, now humbled prison inmates facing charges of war crimes, conspiracy to wage war, and crimes against humanity at the International Military Tribunal for the Far East.

There, Case would become intimately involved in the dental needs of some of the most infamous men in the world, while at the same time gathering their autographs. He collected the signatures of 25 prisoners on slips of paper he handed out, including those of all seven war criminals executed in Tokyo on December 23, 1948. Among them were the likes of General Iwane Matsui and former prime minister Kōki Hirota, who would both be executed for their roles in the Rape of Nanking, as well as General Hideki Tojo, Japan's wartime prime minister and the man considered to be the archvillain of the Japanese war machine. Case would also be on hand as an American dentist carried out a notorious prank involving Tojo's dentures before returning home in time for Christmas 1947.

When you reached Japan, how did you land at Sugamo Prison?

There were around 300 of us in a replacement pool. It was about six o'clock in the morning, and there was snow on the ground. The first 50 men they called were assigned to the 1st Cavalry Division, and so on. This went on and on until there were two guys left. Me and one other guy. He was two years into engineering school, and I had worked in a dental lab. We both ended up in Sugamo—he in the engineering platoon that took care of the buildings and me as a dental tech medic.

What were your first impressions?

One of the first things they did when new people arrived at the prison was to take you down and show you the execution chamber. This was done so that you wouldn't get curious and try to figure out how to get down there on your own. Hanging was the way of execution, and they showed us how it all worked. They had a log [about the same weight



as a prisoner] on the end of the noose, and they'd set it on the trapdoor. They'd open the trapdoor to make sure that when the log dropped, the rope didn't break.

What did you do at the prison?

I spent about a month as a jailer before my job as a dental tech opened up. I worked for Dr. George Foster, who was the prison staff dentist. He was at the prison three days a week and two days at the 361st Station Hospital in downtown Tokyo. They had to have something for me to do when he wasn't there, so he gave me two hours of instruction on how to be a dental hygienist. Every Tuesday and Thursday I had people come in so I could clean their teeth.

What other dental work went on there?

We had an old field x-ray machine, but the only thing we did on prisoners was pull teeth.



Ed Case at home last January, and 73 years earlier (opposite) at Sugamo Prison in Tokyo. A dental assistant there, Case tended to prisoners charged with war crimes, while also collecting their autographs (below).

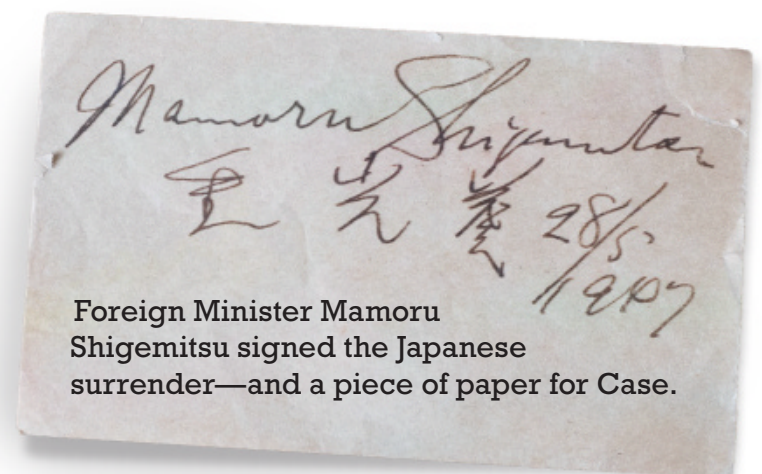
We didn't fill any cavities. The people in charge thought it would be too much trouble to carry on that kind of dentistry. We would have needed a dentist there five days a week. Pulling a tooth was quick and easy. Knowing the prisoners potentially faced execution was probably part of it.

No fillings at all?

One day a prisoner came in with a toothache. I don't remember who. The dentist told me to find out which tooth it was so we could pull it, but I told him, "You can't pull the tooth; he's got just one little cavity." He had the most beautiful set of teeth. Everything was straight and perfect. The dentist told me, "If you don't want it pulled, *you* fix the cavity." That was the only time I ever filled a cavity.

Were there any amusing times at Sugamo?

There was one Japanese American soldier there, Dick Koyama, who could speak Japanese. Dick was kind of a character. We had a lot of fun. He was an interpreter-medic combination. When a prisoner went on sick call, Dick could ask him what was wrong. The Japanese had a totally different approach to dealing with medical conditions than we did. Dick would ask a prisoner what the matter was and why he was on sick call, and the guy would recite his whole medical history going back to when he was two years old, and Dick would have to tell him "No. *Today.*" I thought this was funny.



Foreign Minister Mamoru Shigemitsu signed the Japanese surrender—and a piece of paper for Case.

What was it like for the prisoners at Sugamo?

The Class A war criminals in our cellblock got special attention from the guards. My recollection was that the cell doors were kept open. Maybe at night they closed them. A guard had to cross in front of each cell every five minutes to make sure nothing adverse was happening. How they would have committed suicide at that stage, I don't know. Every day during the week, they'd get on a bus and be taken to [the Ichigaya court building in] downtown Tokyo and put on trial. I'd wonder how the trials were going and what was going to happen to them.



In a surreptitious photo taken by Case, guards escort General Hideki Tojo from his cell; he would be executed in late 1948.

the idea to write “Remember Pearl Harbor” on them in Morse code with a dental drill.

What was the reaction?

Nobody knew. I may have seen the dentures, but I never realized that there was anything different about them. Foster told his wife back in the states, and she told a friend, and the word got back to Tokyo.

I heard there was talk of a court-martial.

He obviously wasn’t supposed to be writing something like that on a denture, so that was the reason behind the court-martial talk. But if they had a court-martial it would have meant exposing a lot more information than the armed forces wanted out, so I’m sure that’s why there was a decision not to court-martial him. I think they were just glad when the whole thing was over.

A 1995 Associated Press story said that it was a U.S. Navy dentist, E. J. Mallory, who carved the phrase.

I remember that it was Foster. Mallory was his buddy. They worked together at the 361st.

How did you find out about it once word got out?

Foster told us what had happened. I heard they brought Tojo down at midnight to look at his dentures so that the words could be scratched out before the colonel and the general found out that they had done it. I was in bed, sleeping. They weren’t about to bring me down at midnight to help with that duty. I wasn’t there, but I knew it happened. The story went around really quick. Once the word starts to spread, it goes fast.

What was your reaction to this?

As an 18-year-old kid, I thought it was kinda neat. Everybody in the dental office laughed when they heard about it. I can remember exactly where I was on December 7, 1941. My dad and I were on the roof of the house, cleaning out the gutters. We had 10 feet to go, and we never finished. Then I ended up in Japan, thinking about “Remember Pearl Harbor.” Crazy how life affects you. ★

What made you want to collect their autographs?

I don’t know why I took the time to go up there and get signatures from everybody—but I did. I stopped at every cell along the way, asked if they would do it, and they all agreed to sign their names—in Japanese and English both.

How did you get along with them personally?

Some were very open about talking and carrying on a conversation. Those on our wing all spoke quite good English. It was interesting for me to go through that—but an 18-year-old kid doesn’t try to find out what was inside their minds, why they did it, or ask if they’d ever do it again if they had a chance. Tojo was the only one I can remember who didn’t have much interest in carrying on a conversation. He seemed more quiet and unassuming than the rest.

Was there anyone you got to know especially well?

I probably talked to [Foreign Minister Mamoru] Shigemitsu more than any of the others. He really didn’t have anything to do with the war effort, so that’s why they released him quite early [in 1950]. I wanted to know why he was picked to represent the Japanese government at the surrender [on September 2, 1945]. The story was that a six-foot-six Imperial marine wouldn’t have been a good representative of a defeated nation, but Shigemitsu was small; he had a limp and walked with a cane, so that’s why he got the job.

How did you get along with the Japanese people?

When we first arrived, we worried about whether they would be upset about the Americans taking over their country, but never once did I ever run into anything resembling any resentment. They were amazingly friendly. We thought everybody would be really angry, but that was not the case. It was just the opposite. I got invited to homes to have dinner.

What’s the story about Tojo’s dentures?

The prison guards brought Tojo to see us about once a month. When I first saw him, he had recently gotten false teeth. They brought him down for Dr. Foster to work on the dentures. That’s when Foster had

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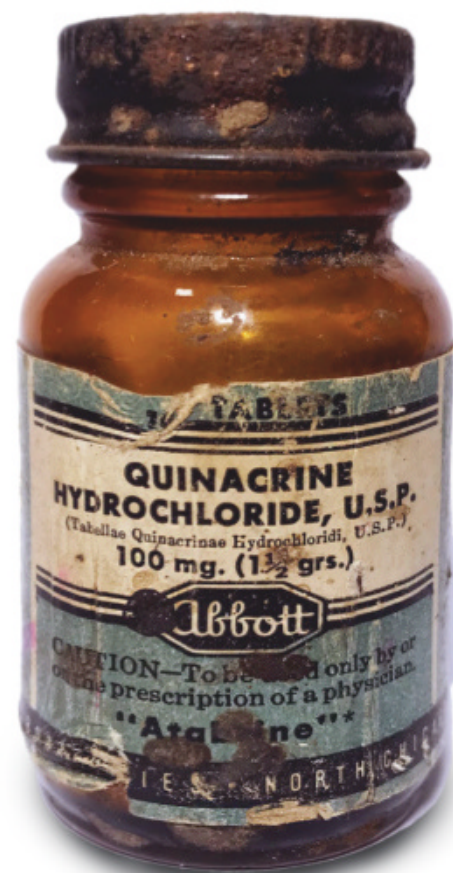
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FROM THE FOOTLOCKER

OUNCE OF CURE?



American soldiers in Hollandia, New Guinea, ponder a sign reminding them to take their Atabrine. The antimalarial drug (above) was vital but loathed.



Curators at
**The National
World War II
Museum**
solve readers'
artifact
mysteries

Going through my father's old army footlocker, I ran across this bottle of quinacrine antimalaria pills. An earlier version of hydroxychloroquine—in the news recently surrounding the Covid-19 virus—I thought it was an interesting find. My father, Technician Fifth Grade William Harold Beard, was in the 86th Infantry (Blackhawk) Division, 343rd Regiment, Cannon Company. The division was one of the last to go to Europe, and when Germany surrendered it was one of the first to be sent back home—but after a few weeks' furlough, they were sent to the Philippines to prepare for the invasion of Japan. I am not even sure that these pills were issued to him during the war, but was wondering if all soldiers going to the Philippines were issued quinacrine. —Glenn Beard, Tifton, Ga.

The global nature of World War II introduced Americans to a wide range of environments and the diseases present there. Malaria proved to be one of the deadliest for Allied

troops—an opponent that several U.S. commanders declared more dangerous than the enemy's bullets. A serviceman can't be at his fighting best with a fever of 106 degrees, and up to 65 percent of American troops who served in the Pacific reported suffering from the mosquito-borne disease, which causes high fever, chills, nausea, and fatigue. Malaria plagued troops not only in the Pacific Theater but also in the Mediterranean.

For Allied troops, the most common treatment for malaria was quinacrine, commonly known by the brand name Atabrine. Atabrine was a synthetic version of quinine—derived from the bark of species of trees of the *Cinchona* genus—which became unavailable to the Allies following the Japanese occupation of Java and the Dutch East Indies, where the Dutch had produced almost 90 percent of the quinine sold in world markets. During World War II, American Atabrine makers were able to produce the enormous quantities needed to supply Allied forces in the Pacific. A staggering 1.8 billion doses were delivered in 1943 and an even more impressive 2.5 billion in 1944.

Atabrine did not cure malaria but sup-

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An auto mechanic before the war, William Beard served in Europe and the Pacific.

pressed its symptoms. Once Atabrine usage was suspended, the effects of the disease returned, even if one was removed from the area where infection was rampant. The military learned lessons in early Atabrine usage that informed later practice and led to more successful employment of the drug.

The troops hated it, though, so Atabrine's effectiveness also depended on enforcement of use. The side effects of

the drug read like the long list of ailments following any pharmaceutical commercial, including nausea, headaches, diarrhea, skin discoloration, and neurological problems resulting in nightmares, anxiety, and full-blown psychosis. Of those, the most common side effect was skin discoloration: Atabrine caused the user to turn yellow. In a letter in The National WWII Museum's archives, Sergeant Gordon Sill wrote to his family from the Philippines in March 1945: "I do wish they would vary our diet of fish and Corned Willie [canned corned beef] and Atabrine—I'm almost as yellow as this paper." This side effect was enough for many to suspend use. In addition, rumors circulated widely that Atabrine caused impotence—a falsehood spread by Japanese propaganda.

Enforcing Atabrine usage was difficult, especially when troops were in combat areas. Compliance was left up to the command, and this sometimes resulted in supervised mandatory ingestion or in surprise compliance checks. In hospitals, on bases, or in other staging areas, Atabrine dosing was monitored during meals. In the mess, when going through the chow line, each diner would be given a pill. As Carl Marca, a 2nd Lieutenant in Military Intelligence, recalled in an oral history with The National WWII Museum about his time in Finschhafen, New Guinea, "they would have a WAC [Women's Army Corps member], and you'd come down the line and you'd open your mouth and she'd toss in an Atabrine."

There were even antimalarial units like the 209th Malaria Survey Unit, which was deployed on the island of Morotai, in present-day Indonesia, to identify areas of infection and carry out DDT-spraying. Despite their efforts, the use of antimosquito nets, and Atabrine ingestion, servicemen reported suffering from bouts of malaria not just once, but multiple times. In some cases, malaria continued to attack American troops long after the war; in order to still the effects of malaria acquired in war-time, some remained on an Atabrine regimen for as long as six years. Although Atabrine—quinacrine—is no longer manufactured on its own, the use of antimalarial drugs like quinacrine and the later-synthesized hydroxychloroquine is one of the medical legacies of World War II. To this day, malaria remains a global problem, causing 440,000 deaths annually. —Kim Guise, Assistant Director for Curatorial Services

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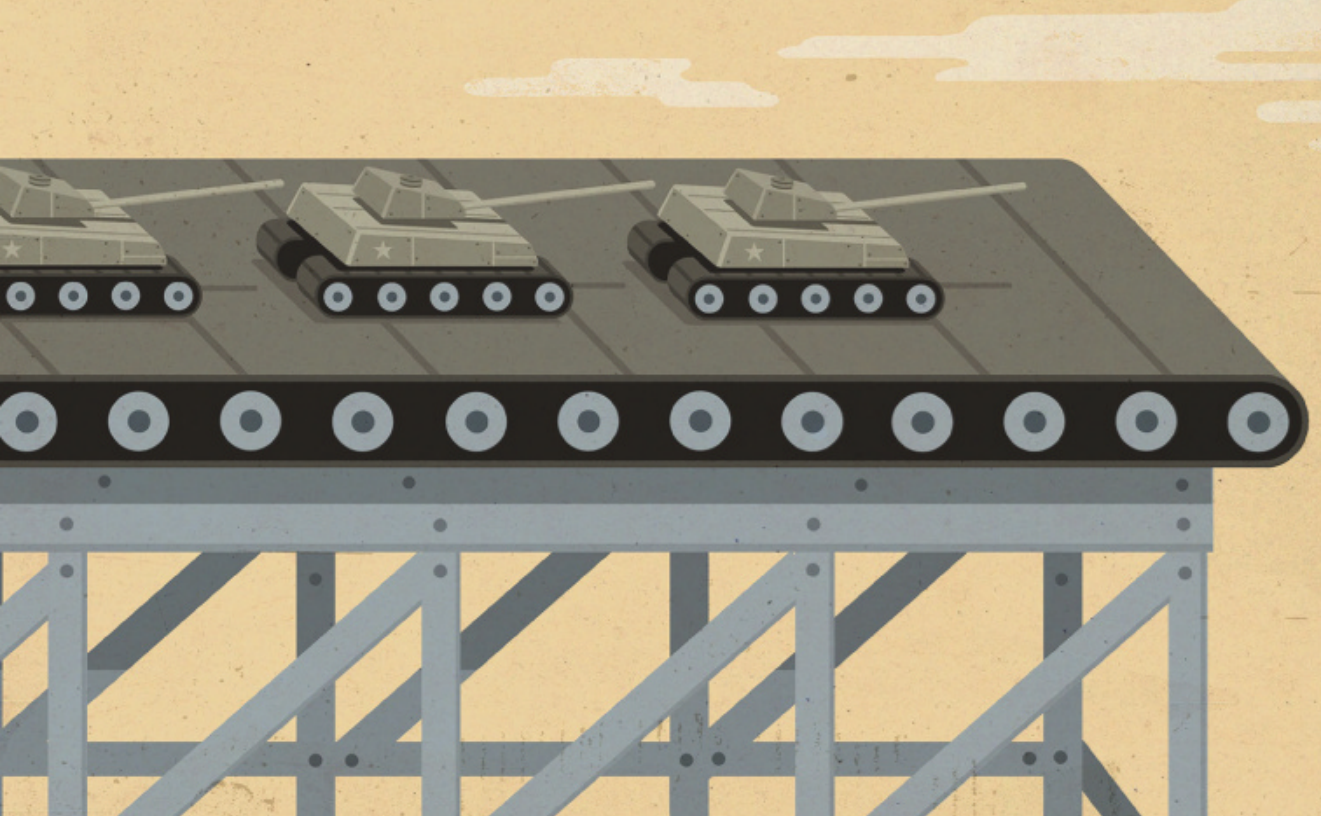
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NEED TO KNOW

BY JAMES HOLLAND

THE BIG PICTURE

FOR MANY, the human experience of fighting World War II is best represented by Tom Hanks unscrewing the lid of his water flask with shaking hands as his landing craft approaches Omaha Beach and then, as the ramp goes down, jumping into one of the most vividly realistic action sequences ever seen on screen. “That bit when Hanks’s character kinda goes into a bubble and noise is blocked out,” U.S. Army Ranger veteran Warren “Bing” Evans told me, “that was what it was like for me.” Bing made four landings in the war, so he knew what he was talking about.

The film *Saving Private Ryan* and television series such as *Band of Brothers* have had an enormous impact on our collective perception of war. Yet for all the brilliance of these productions, they give a distorted picture of history—especially that of the Allies’ war (and *not* because Rommel’s beach defenses were reversed or the beach shown was too narrow to have been Omaha).

It’s not only filmmakers who are guilty of distortion: documentary makers and historians are as well. Our view of the Allied experience of the war tends to be of landing craft, tanks, bomber crews—those at the front end of war. And yet one of the most brilliant and underappreciated Allied strategies of World War II is that those frontline fighters represented the few, not the many. By D-Day, only about 14 percent of the U.S. First Army, for example, was infantry, and just 8 percent were in tanks. Almost 45 percent were support troops—ordnance and maintenance, supply and medical staff.

This was a deliberate strategy. Before the war, Britain had decided it was going to use “steel not flesh” as much as possible. The slaughter of a generation in 1914-18 could not be permitted to happen again, and Britain—with its vast global reach—had the wealth and the access to the world’s resources to allow technology, mechanization, and industry to limit the number of young men putting their lives at risk. The U.S., once it began furiously rearming in 1940, followed suit, and was better placed even than Britain to do so.

While Germany, Japan, and the Soviet Union continued to create ever-

larger numbers of divisions—most of them infantry—Britain and the U.S. decided to maintain as few as possible. Instead, those in the infantry, or in tanks, would be the tip of the spear. Following behind would be immense firepower and extraordinary materiel support. The United States didn’t become the “arsenal of democracy” just because it had the industrial capacity; it did so because its war leaders cared about the lives of its young men in a way Hitler, Stalin, and Hirohito did not.

What the Western Allies created is what I’ve come to call “Big War,” in which those nations were fighting on land, in the air, and at sea, with the army, air force, and navy all inextricably linked. Armies on the ground would seize territory—but did so knowing they had greater artillery, more tanks, and more high-quality medical support than their enemies. If an aircraft was shot up, a new one would be available the next day. A crew might have their tank knocked out, but it would be repaired or replaced in quick order. The long tail of supply was astonishing. On July 18, 1944, for example, the British lost 493 tanks to battle damage—yet within 24 hours, 218 of them were back in action. By contrast, when a German tank was knocked out, it remained that way.

For those on the front line, World War II was appallingly dangerous, but the “steel not flesh” policy was a far more efficient way to fight than the Axis and Soviet approach and ensured that far fewer men had to put themselves in the firing line. That’s why by the end of the war, both the United States and Britain had substantially fewer casualties than their enemies, despite fighting a truly global conflict. A war movie about factories and logistics might not grip audiences in quite the same way as Tom Hanks leaping from a landing craft, but it was the incredible Allied supply chains as much as the raw courage of those at the front that brought victory in 1945. ★

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Seizing Tinian's airfield was a primary goal of the 1944 U.S. invasion, when Marines swarmed the island's northern beaches (opposite, top left). Opposite, top right: A Japanese cannon still points toward the southern harbor.



TRAVEL TINIAN, MARIANA ISLANDS

STORY AND PHOTOS BY DAN FOST

ABLE AND READY

WE STOOD AT THE END OF RUNWAY ABLE at the northern tip of Tinian in the Pacific Ocean's Mariana Islands and looked at a wooden 2x4, not quite seven feet tall, jutting straight up out of the tarmac. An arrow pointed south, to our left, toward the start of the runway. To our right, 100 feet away, the runway ended. Just beyond, a small patch of vegetation kept us from seeing the ocean lapping at Tinian's shore.

Nearly 75 years earlier—at 2:45 a.m. on August 6, 1945—Colonel Paul Tibbets's B-29 *Enola Gay* began its takeoff roll down this very runway. It was weighted down with 7,000 gallons of fuel, two extra crew members, and a 9,500-pound bomb—"Little Boy," the world's first atomic weapon destined for a live target.

The heavy load meant Tibbets had to accelerate longer than usual before reaching takeoff speed. Speaking to our group, historian Don Farrell, who lives on Tinian, said, "Tibbets was determined to get that plane in the air," and that crew members have told him of the incredible tension aboard the bomber. In his memoir, Tibbets described "using every inch of the runway."

When the plane reached the spot marked by the arrow on the 2x4, its nose lifted. It was airborne, rising above the Philippine Sea. Six and a half hours and 1,570 miles later, *Enola Gay* dropped its bomb on Hiroshima, Japan, helping to bring an end to World War II, ushering in the nuclear age, and forever changing the course of human history.

I had come to Tinian with my father-in-law, Louis Barker, on a different sort of mission. Louis, 86, wanted to see the remote island where his father, Lloyd Barker, served as a U.S. Navy Seabee in World War II. The Seabees

were usually older volunteers with blue-collar skills that the navy put to work paving roads and tarmacs, erecting buildings, and repairing jeeps, tanks, and planes. Lloyd joined the Seabees at age 36.

A guided tour around Guam, Saipan, and Tinian greatly added to our understanding of the 1944 fight for the Marianas; these critical victories enabled American B-29 bombers to reach the Japanese homeland. But the trip only allocated half a day on Tinian, which wasn't enough for us. After the group left the island, we stayed behind, hiring our own tour guide, booking our own hotel, and arranging our return home.

For a tiny island of fewer than 40 square miles, Tinian has a complex history. Its first people, the Chamorro, live on Tinian and the other Mariana Islands to this day. Ferdinand Magellan landed on the islands in 1521, spawning centuries of outside rule. After World War I, Japan temporarily ousted the indigenous people and established a thriving sugar cane industry, which ended as World War II ramped up.

The bloody invasions of Saipan and Guam in June and July 1944 cost many thousands of American and Japanese lives. U.S. military planners chose a different approach for



Tinian. They organized a successful diversionary attack, sending two Marine regiments and six warships toward a natural landing spot, a broad harbor near Tinian's southwestern tip. When the Japanese spotted the Americans cruising past the northern coast on their way from Saipan, all hands raced to the southern harbor to join the fight. As the warships shelled Japanese defenses, Marines boarded landing craft and approached the southern beaches—then returned to their transports and reembarked. Although heavy Japanese shellfire killed 62 and wounded another 223 sailors and Marines, the feint worked perfectly—the defenders were diverted from the actual site of the full-scale invasion: two small beaches in the north.

We visited each of the beaches, and it was easy to see how the Japanese took the bait. At the scene of the diversionary attack, a broad, inviting harbor welcomed the Marines south of what is now downtown San Jose—the only municipality on the island.

Only one Japanese cannon remains in situ on Tinian, at the edge of a cave overlooking the large southern beach. Another local guide, Deborah Fleming, who escorted Louis and me on our second day, took us to see the weathered weapon, aimed for the last 75 years toward the harbor.

The main assault, mounted by Marines of the Fourth Division, soon landed at the lightly defended northern beaches and took over the nearby airfield. It took another week for the Marines, with support from the navy and Army Air Forces, to ultimately rout the remaining Japanese. The U.S. landed 42,000 troops in all, losing fewer than 400 lives and an additional 1,600 wounded. The Japanese lost nearly their entire complement of soldiers—about 9,000.

Once the U.S. took control of Tinian, it made the most of the strategic island. Seventy-five thousand men lived there at its peak. Naval Construction Battalions, made of Seabees like Lloyd Barker, built coral runways that enabled, within a few months, thousands of B-29s to take off on bombing missions, making Tinian the busiest airport in the world.

Military planners noted that the island's size and shape bore a resemblance to another island back in America, between the Hudson and East Rivers. In

B-29 Superfortress *Enola Gay* returns to Tinian on August 6, 1945, after dropping the "Little Boy" atomic bomb on Hiroshima, Japan.



homage, they laid out a grid of streets that to this day bear the names of those in New York City. Louis has photos of his father mugging for the camera at the intersection of Broadway and 64th Street with nary a skyscraper in sight. Coincidentally, the street names unwittingly foreshadowed Tinian's most crucial role: as a second home to the top-secret Manhattan Project.

At its peak, the Manhattan Project placed 100 people on Tinian during 1945, including Robert Oppenheimer's lieutenant, Norman Ramsey. Historian Farrell noted that Ramsey and his team were still finalizing details on how exactly the atomic bomb would work. After we saw the takeoff point at Runway Able, we drove to the runway's start and peered into the bomb bays. Hydraulic lifts, just like those that elevate a car



The author traveled with his father-in-law, whose own father (above) served on Tinian as a Seabee in 1944-45.



reconstructed after 2018's Typhoon Yutu is still missing its pulley and a flag.

so a mechanic can work beneath it, raised the bombs into the planes' cargo holds.

The bomb pits are among the very few wartime relics remaining on Tinian. If you know where to look, however, you can find things. Tour guide Fleming has the nose of a B-29 that her brother found in the jungle in the 1960s. Out near Runway Able, Fleming also took us to a bombed Japanese fuel depot. When the American shells hit, hundreds of barrels of jet fuel went up in flames. "You can't imagine the inferno," she said. The rusted, burned-out barrels still fill the decaying concrete building, now covered in roots and vines like King Louie's palace in Disney's 1967 film, *The Jungle Book*.

Similarly, the foundations or frames of a handful of other buildings also stand, empty shells only hinting at the Japanese or Americans who occupied them. "Time, termites, and typhoons take their toll," Fleming told us.

The island is sprinkled with a few significant monuments and memorials. Farrell believes the memorial to American servicemen, on Eighth Avenue on the island's northwest side, was the first erected anywhere in the world after World War II. There's a newer memorial to each branch of the service in San Jose, near a Japanese peace memorial.

Of special interest to Louis was the Seabee memorial at Broadway and 84th Street, a spare concrete block with a map of Tinian showing where each Seabee battalion was quartered. A flagpole

Lloyd Barker served in the Seabees' 38th Naval Construction Battalion. A map in Farrell's 2018 book, *Tinian and the Bomb*, revealed that they bunked near 59th Street, not far from Island Command. Fleming took us to the spot; we craned our necks to look past jungle vines over to some tall coconut trees standing on the likely location of Lloyd's Quonset hut. Nearby was Army Air Forces general Curtis LeMay's mansion, which Fleming said was opulently decked out with stained glass windows. Now all that marks the spot is a lone plane tree rising from the jungle.

The reference to the mansion, however, jibes with a story Louis remembers his dad telling him. One day in the summer of 1945, Lloyd and other enlisted men noticed an admiral, then another, and then another. While security fears prohibited letting lowly Seabees in on the secret, the presence of those commanders pointed to the imminent launch of the newest, most destructive weapon ever known to humanity, the atomic bomb.

Visiting Tinian proved an emotional experience for Louis. His father died of a heart attack at age 58 in 1963, barely a year after Louis's daughter—my wife—was born. Standing at the corner of 59th Street and Broadway, staring at an overgrown field once home to scores of Seabees living in Quonset huts, Louis could feel himself in his father's footsteps. He shed a few tears and was ready to head for home. ★

WHEN YOU GO

To get to Tinian, you need to travel via Guam or Saipan. From Saipan, the closer option, **Star Marianas Air** (starmarianasair.com/passenger-flights) offers numerous daily 15-minute flights for less than \$100 on four- or six-seat Cherokees. Travel on Tinian, including tours led by Don Farrell or Deborah Fleming, can be booked through Gordon Marciano (email gordon@pdisaipan.com) at tour company Pacific Development Inc. (Beyond Band of Brothers, the group we toured with, has recently suspended operations.)

WHERE TO STAY AND EAT

Tinian offers a few small no-frills hotels: **Lorilynn Hotel** is clean and comfortable; **Tinian Oceanview Hotel** is opposite a small beach; and tour guide Deborah Fleming operates the **Fleming Hotel**. (The hotels can be found on TripAdvisor.)

The primary restaurant, **JC Café** ([facebook.com/JCCafeTinian](https://www.facebook.com/JCCafeTinian)), where we ate all our meals, has offerings ranging from Chinese food to standard American diner fare. We also bought food at one of several small markets in San Jose.

WHAT ELSE TO SEE AND DO

Along with the wartime sites, Tinian features several coastal blowholes and outstanding snorkeling and scuba diving. The island makes an excellent side trip from Guam and Saipan, which have well-developed tourist infrastructures; the **War in the Pacific National Historical Park** (nps.gov/wapa/index.htm) has outposts on both.

WHO REPLACED ICONIC BRITISH PM WINSTON CHURCHILL IN 1955, AFTER HIS SECOND TERM OF OFFICE?

Clement Richard Attlee,
Neville Chamberlain,
Herbert Morrison, or
Anthony Eden?

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ANSWER: ANTHONY EDEN. EDEN HELD
OFFICE FROM APRIL 1955 UNTIL JANUARY
1957 AND IS GENERALLY RANKED AS ONE
OF BRITAIN'S LEAST SUCCESSFUL PRIME
MINISTERS OF THE 20TH CENTURY.





DESTINATION

Long thought to be a Soviet concoction, a Nazi plot to assassinate the “Big Three” was very real—with the potential to change the world

By Howard Blum



Together in one place for the first time, Stalin, Roosevelt, and Churchill made a tempting target for the increasingly desperate Germans at November 1943's Tehran Conference.

ON TEHRAN

Winston Churchill was scared. The prime minister's concerns about security began growing as soon as his plane from Cairo landed at Gale Morghe Airport outside Tehran at around 11 on the chilly morning of November 27, 1943.

He had hoped to tiptoe unnoticed into the Iranian capital for the secret four-day conference, set to begin the next day, with American president Franklin D. Roosevelt and Soviet premier Joseph Stalin. It would be the first face-to-face meeting between the three Allied leaders—sessions that would determine the broad strategy for the final push through Europe. But moments after he had gotten off the plane, he found himself confronted by a small welcoming ceremony hosted by the British ambassador.



Mike Reilly (left), a self-described “Irish cop” and FDR’s personal bodyguard through the war years, worried about how to protect the president in chaotic public settings.

Ironically, the plot owed its beginnings to a statement FDR had made earlier that year.

That proved to be only a minor annoyance when compared with the fiasco he was caught up in as soon as his car pulled out of the airfield. The road was lined with glowering Iranian cavalymen sitting high on their mounts, each rider decked out in brightly colored comic-opera uniforms. The pageantry continued for a full three miles, and all a fuming Churchill could think, as he’d later recall in his memoir, was that the gaudy display was an announcement “to any evil people that somebody of consequence was coming,” while at the same time precisely highlighting his route.

Churchill’s initial apprehensions crossed over to a sickening fear when his car turned into the block leading to the British embassy compound—his home for the conference—and a roadblock forced it to a sudden halt. Seated in the rear of the open-topped car, he felt as if he might as well have had a bull’s-eye pinned to his back. “There was no kind of defence at all against two or three determined men with pistols or bombs,” he realized. All the trapped prime minister could do was find solace in a wry irony: “If it had been planned out beforehand to run the greatest risks, and have neither the security of a quiet surprise arrival nor an effective escort, the problem could not have been solved more perfectly.”

In contrast, when FDR’s C-54 landed at 3 p.m. on the dot that same day, there was no ceremony—only a brisk and efficient ride in a car with bulletproof windows through empty

streets to the American legation on the outskirts of Tehran. The well-executed plan had been designed by Michael Reilly, the hulking 33-year-old former college football player from Montana (“an Irish cop with more brawn than brains,” according to his own self-deprecating description) who headed the president’s Secret Service detail.

Reilly had just settled “the Boss,” as he always referred to the president, into his second-floor suite at the legation, when he received word that General Dmitry Arkadiev, an officer with the Soviet secret police force, the NKVD, was downstairs wanting to talk. Reilly had met him during an earlier reconnaissance trip to Tehran and was

pleased that the collaboration he had initiated was apparently receiving serious attention.

He assumed the general had come to announce Stalin’s arrival at the Soviet embassy that day, and to confirm their previous agreement: a half-dozen Secret Service men would be working hand in hand with the security-conscious Russians. In the weeks before the conference, the Soviets, who were already the dominant military presence in Tehran, had beefed up their forces with an additional 3,000 troops under the harsh command of General Andrei Krulev and had dispatched a squadron of intelligence officers to monitor the city and its surrounding areas. A look, though, at the general’s grim face, his damp jowls, and his blank hangman’s eyes, and Reilly at once understood that he had misjudged the purpose of Arkadiev’s visit.

The Nazis have dropped 38 parachutists around Tehran over the past few days, the general announced gravely, according to the account Reilly wrote in his chatty 1947 memoir, *Reilly of the White House*. Then the Russian paused dramatically before going on in the same low voice to state that they had been captured by his men.

The Secret Service man breathed a silent sigh of relief. When Reilly finally felt able to speak, he blurted out the first thought that came into his mind. “Are you sure it was thirty-eight?” he asked, immediately realizing it was an inane question.



FDR's insistence at the January 1943 Casablanca Conference (bottom) that the war would end only with "unconditional surrender" may have spurred the Germans' plan to drop paratroopers (in Crete, at left) into Iran on an assassination mission.

Then the general said that in the course of the interrogation, the prisoners revealed that his men had not captured all of the parachutists. Six heavily armed commandos were still on the loose. He had no idea where they were, or where they might strike.

And all at once Reilly's blood ran cold.

THE GERMAN COMMANDOS at large in the city were assassins. Their mission, which the Nazi High Command codenamed Operation Long Jump: to kill Roosevelt, Churchill, and Stalin at the Tehran Conference.

In the decades since the war, the details of Long Jump have been widely disputed. Conflicting versions of the events have been published, and some scholars have gone so far as to dismiss previous accounts of the mission as "Soviet disinformation"—a tale told by "purveyors of Stalinist mythology." Yet while historical battle lines have been drawn and even politicized, it is now possible to reconstruct what happened that week in 1943 in Tehran and tell with facts and authority the story of a Nazi plot that had the potential to change the world. The secret history of Long Jump is thoroughly revealed in an examination of interviews with participants conducted after the war and recently declassified NKVD documents, as well as published interviews with Soviet intelligence officers; memoirs of generals, diplomats, intelligence agents, and official bodyguards who were in Iran; and is supported by declassified British intelligence reports and Wehrmacht archival records.

Ironically, the plot owed its inchoate beginnings to a statement Roosevelt had made earlier that year. On January 24, 1943, the final day of the meetings in liberated Casablanca between the American president and the British prime minister, FDR took it upon himself to set the uncompromising terms that would end the war. "We shall fight until Germany's, Italy's, and Japan's unconditional surrender," he announced with stony determination at the press conference concluding the summit.

At that point in the war, with the Allied invasion of Europe a looming inevitability, most of the Nazi leadership had quietly con-

"Very sure," said the Russian. "We examined the men we caught most thoroughly."

Reilly held Arkadiev's stare, thinking, "the way he said it made me happy I had not been present when the Nazis were questioned." Nevertheless, it was difficult to be too judgmental. The threat had been removed. The president was safe.



German intelligence officers Walter Schellenberg (top) and Wilhelm Canaris (above) were initially doubtful an ambitious assassination mission could be pulled off.

ceded that victory on the battlefield was a lost cause. In its place, a resigned, coolly pragmatic endgame strategy had emerged: the Reich would snatch stalemate from the jaws of defeat. The Wehrmacht would keep the world at arms, keep the life-and-death struggle going, until an acceptable peace could be negotiated.

But with those unyielding words—“unconditional surrender”—the Nazi High Command’s fantasies were ground into wistful sand. There would be no negotiated peace. Instead, the generals and their willing underlings abruptly understood they faced a rapidly approaching future in which they would have to answer to Allied military tribunals for their unforgiveable crimes, for their methodical extermination of Jews and other civilians, for the horrors they had so complacently let loose on the world. Retribution was inevitable.

Unless—they could remove the Allied leadership demanding the draconian “unconditional surrender.” With a new Big Three, the war would still be lost, but there would be the possibility that a peace, a more equitable accord, could be won at the negotiation table. And the High Command would not have to pay with their lives.

Still, the two spymasters who ran cloak-and-dagger operations for the rival German foreign intelligence services—General Walter Schellenberg, head of Section VI of the Nazi

Party’s Reich Security Main Office, and Admiral Wilhelm Canaris, director of the Abwehr, the military intelligence operation—realized that a bold assassination mission on this scale was simply wishful thinking. The Allied leaders were, arguably, the three most closely guarded men in the world. The planning, the logistics, the operational challenges—all of these made it an impossible mission.

Then on September 12, 1943, an impossible mission—a commando operation set in motion by the orders of Adolf Hitler himself—succeeded. Twelve German gliders dropped out of the sky and came down in a rush of shrieking wind, landing on the mountaintop where Benito Mussolini, the Fascist dictator who’d ruled Italy with a heavy hand, was now imprisoned in a well-guarded hotel. SS Captain Otto Skorzeny led his men racing into the hotel; the Italians surrendered without much of a fight; and three days later Skorzeny and Mussolini were having a celebratory midnight tea with the Führer at the Wolfschanze, Hitler’s secluded headquarters deep in the woods of East Prussia.

For the first time, Schellenberg and other members of the High Command began to believe that if Skorzeny, newly promoted to major, could pull off one miracle, well, why not another? It was in the aftermath of that triumph that—again on Hitler’s orders, according to recently declassified Soviet intelligence files and numerous postwar interviews with participants—the man being touted in the



Freshly dug graves following the 1942-43 fight for Stalingrad speak to mounting German defeats. By the time of the Tehran Conference, most Nazi leaders believed the war was already lost.



Allied press as the “Most Dangerous Man in Europe” was given the operational command of Long Jump. (Mention of the assignment appears nowhere in Skorzeny’s memoirs: when he was arrested for war crimes after the war, the mission did not come up in Allied questioning, and he was careful not to mention it afterward. But he confirmed his participation in an interview in Madrid in 1950 with Hungarian journalist Laslo Havas and, according to Israeli sources, boasted of his role to the Mossad, which employed him as an asset.)

The German intelligence services were aware that the Big Three were planning to meet together for the first time: the conference was being openly discussed in intercepted diplomatic cable traffic and even in the press. The three targets would all be conveniently assembled in one site. But the location and the date of the conference remained top secret. And without these two crucial bits of intelligence, even the Most Dangerous Man in Europe wouldn’t be able to launch an attack.

IN THE SPY TRADE, an uninvited guest bearing gifts is one that no intelligence officer wants to welcome. The caution is born out of the difficult questions the arrival of this would-be secret agent poses: Is he (or she) the real thing, offering a genuine intelligence windfall? Or is the unexpected source a

double agent—part of a carefully conceived enemy plot to get a foot inside your house and spread disinformation?

This was the unsettled terrain that Schellenberg, he concedes in his memoir, found himself carefully maneuvering through in the tail end of October 1943. A man claiming to be the valet of the British ambassador in Ankara, Turkey, had proposed a deal. In return for 20,000 pounds sterling (about \$100,000 in wartime dollars, or more than five times the average annual American income at the time), the walk-in mystery man would hand over “photographs of the most secret documents of the British embassy.”

In the end, Schellenberg decided his agents should accept the offer; the fact that the currency he handed over was counterfeit—the skillful handiwork of a German forgery operation—helped assuage his initial misgivings about whether to trust the informant. But when Schellenberg examined the product, he rejoiced; the purloined documents were “quite breathtaking.” In the week that followed, the deliveries of “highly secret correspondence between the British Embassy in



Otto Skorzeny’s daring rescue of Italian dictator Benito Mussolini in September 1943 (top) generated plaudits for the SS officer (above)—and hope that another audacious mission could succeed.



Teams of German commandos—these men among them—had been dropped into Iran well before the conference. Their leader, SD officer Franz Mayr, is at right.

Ankara and the Foreign Office in London” kept arriving at Schellenberg’s headquarters on the outskirts of Berlin. The yield was so impressive that the valet was quickly given the code name “Cicero” after the renowned Roman orator, because his stolen papers spoke so eloquently.

It was in this way, sometime in the second week of November 1943, that Schellenberg found out that the Big Three would be meeting in Tehran.

Of all the places in the world—Tehran! Schellenberg was convinced the operational gods had shined on his mission. He was well aware of the succession of events—the marriage of foresight, timing, and luck—that had set the stage for Operation Long Jump. In the war’s early years, as recently declassified German and Allied documents reveal, agents of the Abwehr and the SS security service SD had gone undercover in Iran, building networks of assets and finding safe houses. And despite the Allied invasion of that country in August 1941, two of the German penetration agents had continued to remain active—one in Tehran, the other in the tribal hill country.

In a series of clandestine missions over the prior six months, as detailed in Wehrmacht

archive documents and memoirs of German intelligence officers, new teams of sabotage commandos had parachuted into Iran and established procedures for aerial-insertion missions, delivered radio transmitters capable of communicating with Berlin, and reinforced wavering tribal commitments to the Reich.

And now, on top of all of that, the Führer had chosen Otto Skorzeny—the very tactician who, according to the German wartime documents as well as his own statements, had supervised the training and execution for these recent covert missions into Iran—to direct the assassination of the three Allied heads of state.

It was as if unseen forces had fit the pieces together, propelling events with the inexorable momentum and inevitability of a Greek drama. The impossible mission now seemed very possible, even predestined.

AS THE GERMANS set feverish preparations for Operation Long Jump in motion, a seemingly routine request was made to Section VI’s Iranian desk to provide Schellenberg with daily weather reports for the Iranian cities of Qazvin and Qom, roughly 80 miles northwest and southwest of Tehran, for the week beginning November 22, 1943. But that order, as documented in the declassified Soviet history of the events and substantiated by British and German intelligence files, would have ramifications.

Roman Gamotha, the deskman in charge, dutifully prepared the information and regularly passed it on to the SS general. He had no knowledge of what sort of operation Schellenberg was mounting, but it apparently involved aerial insertions into Iran. That was the intelligence that Gamotha—a double agent working for the Soviets—promptly relayed to his handlers at the Russian spy headquarters, called Moscow Center.

The NKVD spymasters, however, immediately understood the importance of this information: the Nazis were sending commando teams into Iran to target the Tehran Conference. So when the Nazi commandos jumped

out of their Ju 290 four-engine transports and floated down in darkness to the Iranian desert, Russian troops were waiting. Most of the paratroopers were shot out of the sky, killed before they even reached the ground. Several, however, were captured and interrogated.

It was during their questioning that the Russians, as Mike Reilly later wrote, learned that one plane carrying a team of commandos—six well-trained and committed men—had been blown off course. And these six assassins were still at large.

General Arkadiev had not told Reilly the entire story that afternoon in the American legation, but what he heard was enough to leave him feeling stunned and angry. The German paratroopers, Reilly decided, “could have been dropped for one of two reasons”: either to “sabotage the railroad” used to carry war materiel north into the Soviet Union or to “assassinate the Allied leaders.”

Reilly had no doubt that “half a dozen fanatics with the courage to jump from airplanes could probably figure out some way to get a shot in.” He also suspected, “it was logical to assume that, with the Nazi ‘chutists shooting, one shot would be plenty.”

Unless Reilly could stop them first. He’d need to find the killers before they attacked.

AT THE DECIDEDLY undiplomatic hour of 9 a.m. on November 28, 1943, Averell Harriman—the American ambassador to the Soviet Union, who had traveled from Moscow to Tehran for the conference—knocked on the door of the president’s bedroom in the American legation. As the ambassador later recounted in diplomatic papers that are now part of the National Archives’ official account of the conference, he had been summoned from his warm bed in the middle of the night

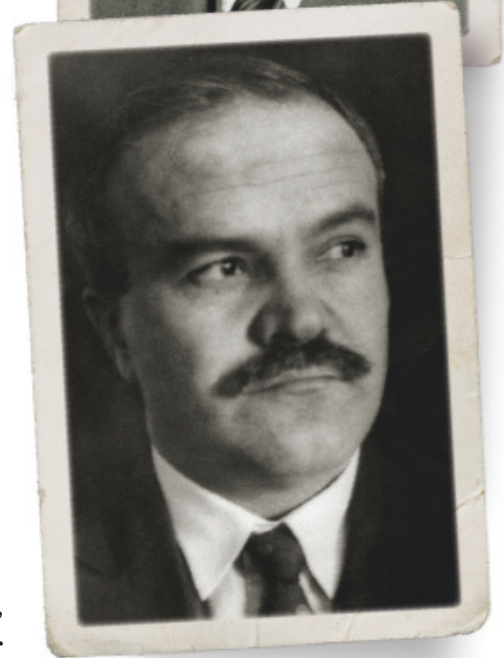
by Vyacheslav Molotov, the Soviet foreign minister, to an emergency meeting. There, as he now needed to report to Roosevelt, he had received a warning. And a threat.

The warning, as Harriman relayed it, was succinct: “The risk of assassination of Mr. Churchill and Marshal Stalin while coming to visit President Roosevelt was very real.” The American legation, after all, was dangerous miles away from the walled compound in the city’s diplomatic district that housed both the British and Soviet embassies.

The threat was no less ominous: “We would be responsible for any injury that Marshal Stalin might suffer in driving through the town to consult with President Roosevelt.” And by “injury,” Harriman explained, in case the president had missed the point, Molotov meant “assassination.”

The foreign minister, however, had not just thrown thunderbolts. He’d offered a suggestion: he reiterated a previous invitation for the president to stay in the Soviet embassy. Only now, the rationale for the move was no longer for convenience’s sake; with Nazi assassins on the loose, it was a necessary precaution. According to U.S. government files, Harriman—relaying the Russian’s logic—told the president that the move “would bring the three Heads of State so close together that there would be no need for any of them to drive about town.” The British agreed. Churchill recalled that “I strongly supported Molotov in his appeals to move forthwith inside the Soviet Embassy.”

Pressured by both Allies, FDR turned to Mike Reilly, the man in



Soviet foreign minister Vyacheslav Molotov (above) brought news of the plot—and a threat—to Averell Harriman, the American ambassador to the Soviet Union (top).





The “Big Three” gather for a high point of the conference: a dinner party at the British embassy to celebrate Churchill’s 69th birthday on November 30, 1943.

Mike Reilly had come to suspect that Churchill’s birthday celebration would be the moment of the assassins’ attack.

charge of his security, for advice. And Reilly was only too glad to give it. With the passing of each new hour the initial intelligence had turned more despairing. A house-to-house search in Tehran, home to nearly one million inhabitants, was underway. Further, a joint Allied decree had been issued: a \$20,000 reward—a fortune!—would be paid for any information leading to the arrest of six German parachutists at large in the city. Tehran’s marketplaces were quickly jumping with the news. Yet so far neither strategy had turned up any sign of the assassins.

Reilly decided the German commandos must have help. But who—a single contact? A network? Locals? Embedded agents? The fact that the six men were still at large, and that the assassins had not launched an immediate attack, only served to reinforce the creeping horror Reilly now accepted as truth: the killers were waiting, patiently biding their time for the single moment that had been predetermined in Berlin, a time when they’d be able to slip past the Allied security and strike.

So when the Boss posed the question, the Secret Service man did not hesitate. He was “in complete agreement” with a move to the better-protected heart of the city.

“All right,” announced the president. “When do we move?”

It was only then that Reilly realized he had a new problem. How would he safely get the president to the Soviet embassy? “It would have been a tough enough job normally, but with six Nazi paratroopers around somewhere...I had no stomach for sending him through the crowded streets of Tehran.”

Nevertheless, at three that afternoon Reilly gave the order for the presidential cavalcade to pull out of the American legation. Two jeeps filled with armed, attentive soldiers led the way. Two more, similarly loaded for war, had the rear. In the middle of the motorcade was the president’s limousine, the man in the rear seat raising a hand to acknowledge the cheers of the locals. The man in the back seat, though, was not the president. It was Secret Service agent Robert E. Holmes.

The moment the cavalcade pulled out, Reilly had bundled the president into a dusty army sedan. He’d ordered the Boss to keep his head down, and FDR—enjoying the adventure—obeyed. With only a single jeep leading the way, the two vehicles raced at mad speed through Tehran’s side streets. The president was being wheeled into his suite of rooms at the Soviet embassy while Bob Holmes continued to wave to the crowds assembled along the official route.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1943—the third day of the conference and the day of Winston Churchill’s 69th birthday—began as another cold morning in Tehran. Yet the day’s events would be momentous.

A birthday celebration in the British embassy had been scheduled for that evening, and Reilly by now had come to suspect that that would be the moment of the assassins’ attack. At the dinner the three men were seated shoulder to shoulder at the table—a trio who, as Churchill would say, “together controlled practically all the naval and three-quarters of all the air forces in the world, and could direct armies of nearly twenty million men.” Reilly could not put aside the horrifying expectation that at any moment six commandos would snuff out their lives.

Instead, that night it was the commandos who were betrayed. One of their Iranian assets, enticed by the gaudy promise of a \$20,000 reward, had informed the Russians of the location of the safe house where the team had gone to ground. Russian troops quietly moved into position after dark that evening, surrounding the house, which belonged to an Iranian police officer. According to the Soviet account of the night’s events, the turncoat was sent back into the building to offer an ultimatum: either the six Nazis come out with their hands up, or they will be slaughtered.

The door opened for the traitor and a strip

TEHERAN AGREEMENT FOR WAR AND PEACE

CHURCHILL, ROOSEVELT
AND STALIN DECIDE
MILITARY ACTION EAST,
WEST AND SOUTH

"OUR ATTACKS WILL BE
RELENTLESS"

The three Allied leaders, Mr. Churchill, President Roosevelt, and Marshal Stalin, have held a meeting at Teheran, the capital of Persia, lasting four days.

They concerted their plans for defeating Germany by attacks from East, South and West, and reached an understanding for their policies for establishing peace on a basis that will banish war for generations to come. These results were made known in the following pronouncement:

DECLARATION OF THE THREE POWERS

We, The President of the United States of America, the Prime Minister of Great Britain and the Premier of the Soviet Union, have met these four days past in this the capital of our ally Iran and have shaped and confirmed our common policy.

We expressed our determination that our Nations shall work together in war and in the peace that will follow.

As to war, our military staffs have joined in our round-table discussions, and we have concerted our plans for the defeat of the German force.

and Mr. Hopkins, his personal adviser, stayed at the Russian Embassy as Marshal Stalin's guests. Marshal Stalin himself, with M. Molotov and Marshal Voroshilov, occupied a simple grey-tiled villa of two storeys in the grounds of the Embassy enclosure.

SECRET POLICE WATCH G.P.U. and Sikh Guards

Secret police were everywhere, maintaining a day and night watch. Russian soldiers, all commissioned officers, armed with Tommy-guns and not rifles, stood at every corner.

The Russians formed the inner line of a double line of guards. Even the servants inside the Embassy were all armed G.P.U. men.

The street running between the Russian Embassy and the British Legation was screened off from the public gaze and blocked at each end, while an outer guard of Sikhs, with armoured cars, and Indian infantry patrolled the whole area.

For the period of the conference the Teheran radio was shut down and the frontiers closed.

Marshal Stalin, on his motor trips abroad, was an imposing sight, preceded by three jeeps loaded with soldiers bristling with weapons. Three other jeeps brought up the rear, followed by a dozen motor side-cars carrying more troops.

The special precautions obviously necessary on such occasions were intensified in view of the known fact that Persia has always been a favourite German secret agents.

It was learned in Teheran that a number of German parachutists had been dropped as saboteurs in Persia some time before the three leaders met. Most of them were captured.

INTIMATE



FIRST PICTURE OF ALLIED LEADERS IN TEHRAN

STALIN KISSES STALINGRAD SWORD

PRESENTATION BY
MR. CHURCHILL

Marshal Stalin, President Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill photographed at their first historic meeting together in the old Imperial Russian Embassy at Teheran. This picture, and another on Page 3, arrived by air last night from Cairo. Some of their advisers are seen behind. Left to right are: Mr. Harry Hopkins; M. Molotov, People's Commissar for Foreign Affairs; Mr. Averell Harriman, United States Ambassador in Moscow; Section Officer Sarah Oliver, Mr. Churchill's daughter, and the Foreign Secretary, Mr. Eden.

RUSSIAN BLOWS TO GERMANS IN DNIEPER BEND

TOWN TAKEN: VITAL

8th ARMY 14 MILES FROM PESCARA

NAZIS RETREAT OVER THE MORO FIFTH BATTLING FOR PEAKS

The Eighth Army last night was only 14 miles from Pescara, the Germans' main supply base on the Adriatic coast.

This news from Allied headquarters in North Africa followed the announcement that Gen. Montgomery's forces in the coastal sector had reached the line of the Moro River.

L. Marsland Gander, our special correspondent, in a cable published below, states that the Moro, though swollen by continuous rains, is unlikely to prove so stiff an obstacle as the Sangro, from which the Eighth Army's advance began 12 days ago.

The evacuation by the enemy of Fria, on the south bank of the Moro, was reported by German radio yesterday.

On the Fifth Army front heavy fighting is going on for peaks of the Camino massif still remaining in enemy hands.

Here, too, the Allied advance is being retarded by difficult terrain and unfavourable weather, but it was stated that mopping up operations were progressing.

The number of prisoners is increasing. Several hundred have now been taken by the Allied lines on the Camino.

Announced yesterday, the Army up to the Pescara Front. Kenia fought up to the River battle.

GOING

of light momentarily brightened the street. He entered, and the door closed behind him.

There is no surviving record of the deliberations inside the hideout. There is no transcript of what the traitor said—of whether he succeeded in conveying the Soviets' ultimatum. All that is definitively known is that within moments after the door closed there was an ear-shattering boom, followed by a harsh white glow that must have lit up the night sky for miles. And the building collapsed to the ground in a heap of smoking rubble. Rather than surrender, the Nazi commandos had apparently decided to take control of their own destinies. They had detonated their own explosives. There were no survivors.

REPORTERS CRAMMED into a tight semi-circle in the Oval Office facing President Roosevelt. The president sat in his wheelchair behind the massive walnut-veneered desk that had once belonged to his predecessor, Herbert Hoover. Mike Reilly stood, as he always did during the presidential press conferences, to the Boss's right, near a casement window, but never too far away. It was December 17, 1943, and the press had come to hear about the

groundbreaking conference in Tehran.

"In a place like Tehran there are hundreds of German spies, probably, all around the place," FDR said. "I suppose it would make a pretty good haul if they could get all three of us going through the streets."

"There was no use going into details," he added. Then the president laughed his hearty, booming laugh, and the press joined in too.

Reilly's face, though, remained set, as if cast in stone.

There were no follow-up questions from the reporters, and the president quickly moved on. ★

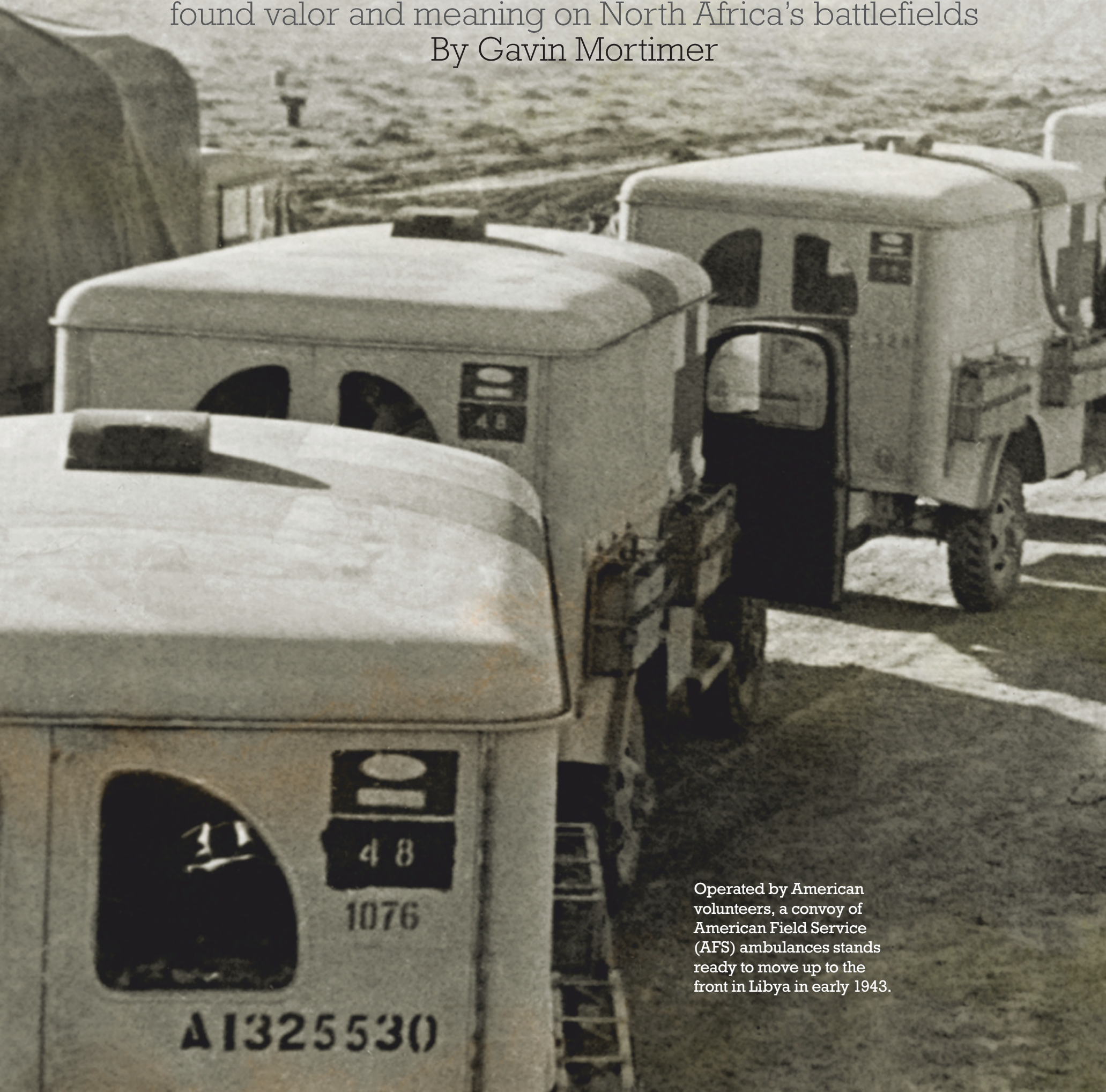
Cabinet members and congressional leaders welcome the president on his return from Tehran. Minority leader Joseph W. Martin Jr. (R-Mass) is in the foreground; standing behind Roosevelt is Mike Reilly.



GENTLEM

The volunteer “Harvard grads, glamour boys & career men”
who manned ambulances for the American Field Service
found valor and meaning on North Africa’s battlefields

By Gavin Mortimer



Operated by American
volunteers, a convoy of
American Field Service
(AFS) ambulances stands
ready to move up to the
front in Libya in early 1943.

WHAT IS AVAXHOME?

AVAXHOME-

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AN'S WAR



It was a case that captivated America. “Youth is Hunted in Kidnap Scare,” blared the headline in the *New York Times* on December 16, 1935. Within hours J. Edgar Hoover and 30 of his G-men were hunting those responsible for abducting an aspiring actor, Caleb Jones Milne IV, from a New York street. The next day Milne’s grandfather, a textile tycoon, received a ransom note for \$20,000; as the FBI technical laboratory scrutinized it for clues, the search intensified. Four days later Milne was found bound and gagged in a ditch about 40 miles from Chester, Pennsylvania. But he was alive.

Hoover denied the ransom had been paid and told reporters that his bureau was investigating “important clues” in their hunt for the kidnappers. He kept to himself some inconsistencies in Milne’s story, but the young man eventually broke under questioning.

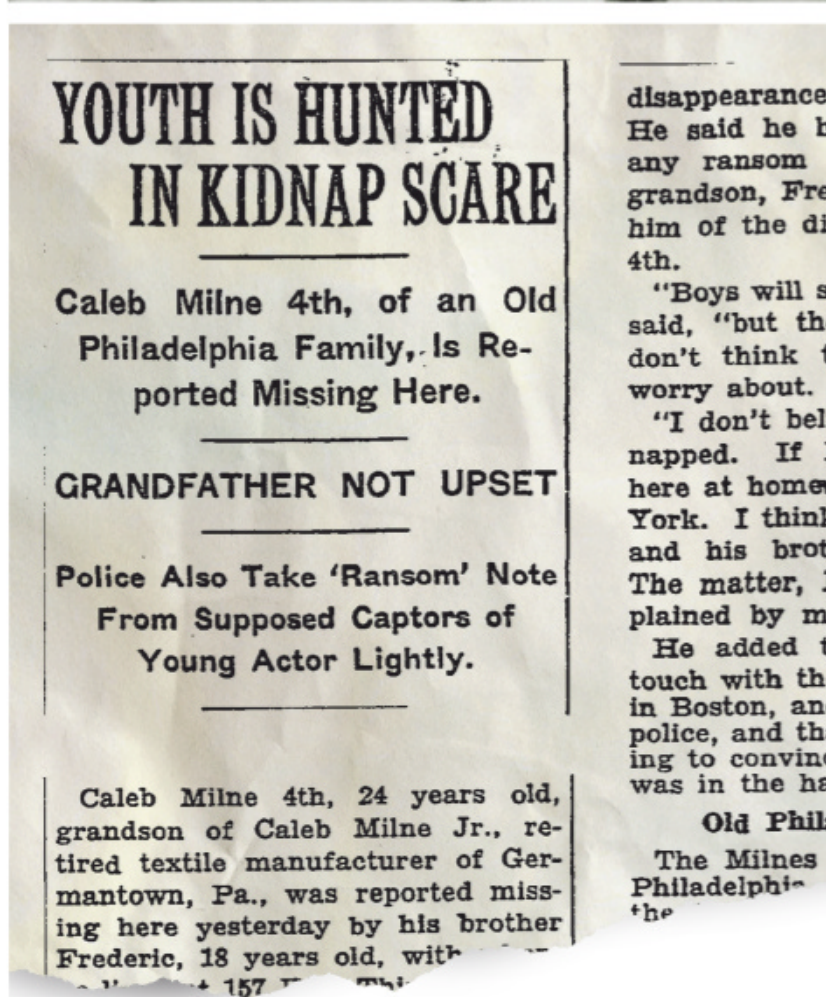
“The 24-year-old heir to a textile fortune confessed that his kidnapping was a hoax,” reported the Washington, D.C., *Sunday Star* on its December 29 front page, before explaining that Milne was “inspired by need of money

and by a belief that resultant publicity would help him get a job on the stage. His confession, made to Government agents early, was followed within a few hours by his arraignment on a charge of attempted extortion.”

Nearly six years later, on November 15, 1941, the same newspaper carried a much smaller story tucked away on its inside pages. Headlined “Actor Disinherited for Kidnap Hoax,” it reported that in a codicil to his will the recently deceased textile tycoon, Caleb J. Milne Jr., stipulated that he had been unable to forgive his grandson for his wicked hoax and that he would not receive a cent of his \$431,000 estate [about \$8 million today].

By then, the younger Milne had long since put the shameful memory behind him. The charges against him had been dropped shortly after he admitted to the hoax, but his acting career was finished. He returned home in disgrace to a forgiving mother and matured into a man with a different set of values, in which pacifism was central.

“Knowing you so well, I wish that I could send you some jolly reassurance that everything will be all right,” he wrote to his mother on the eve of his departure overseas as a volunteer medical worker. It was June 1942, and



his ship was scheduled to sail from New York in a matter of days. “You are familiar with my general outline of ideas, so let’s just say that what will happen, will. Experience and human adventure have as much importance if they are disastrous or crippling, as when they are purely pleasant or optimistic.”

When the United States entered the war in December 1941, there had been no question of Milne following his father into the U.S. Marine



By the time Caleb Milne IV volunteered for the AFS (above) he had a sober new set of values and strove to distance himself from a youthful folly in which he faked his own kidnapping (bottom right) and was later escorted into court to face charges (top right).

Corps. “I am not sure of my reasons,” he wrote his mother in addressing the question of why he had instead joined the American Field Service (AFS)—an all-volunteer medical unit whose members drove ambulances and carried stretchers on the battlefield, tending to the wounded whatever their nationality.

“I am not foaming to bayonet anyone, nor am I embittered enough to throw precious life away for this momentary calamity that has spread like a disease over the world,” wrote Milne. “I believe our side is somewhat ‘righter’ in all truth, but it is hard for an open mind to clog with hate.... I dream of the day when one may say, ‘I am a citizen of the world.’”

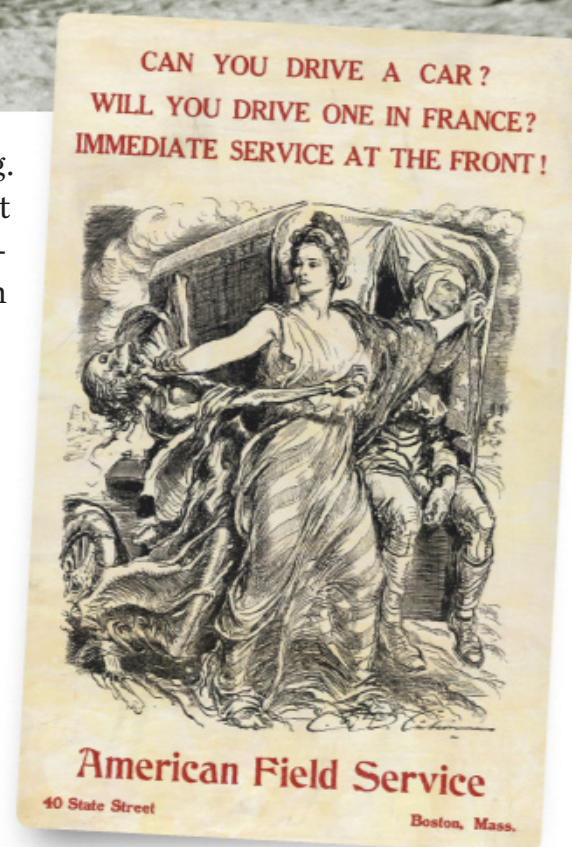
For a man of such beliefs, the AFS was a natural choice. Formed in 1914 in France as an ambulance service, the AFS and its corps of volunteers had performed valiantly on the Western Front. Following the war, the organization dedicated itself to strengthening cultural links between France and the United States. On the outbreak of World War II, it reverted to an ambulance unit; its first set of volunteers left New York for France in March 1940. “The British and French have got to win because they are not extremist,” one of the volunteers said when he arrived in Paris on April 3. “I can’t bear a world in which the extremist will win.”

The AFS was involved in the 1940 battle for France—but following the country’s capitulation in June, the unit was disbanded and their equipment handed over to the American Red Cross. Then, in February 1942, the AFS returned to the front line to “do their bit” for the free world against Nazi extremism as a new contingent of volunteers, designated “Unit 1,” arrived in North Africa and were attached to the British Eighth Army as they fought the Germans and Italians.

Milne belonged to the largest contingent yet, the 16th Volunteer Unit, numbering 100.

“The Group is an interesting mixture of people, thank God,” Milne, 30, wrote his mother, once they were at sea aboard a swift Danish cargo cruiser. “I’d say twenty-eight is the average age although we have one who must be sixty.”

Many shared Milne’s pacifism. Among the youngest was Henry Bonner, a 19-year-old undergraduate at Harvard, who had enrolled in the ship’s poker school early in the Atlantic crossing. Another youngster was Porter Jarrell, 23, who had been a journalist in New York



for *Musical Record* before joining. A war zone didn’t seem a natural fit for Jarrell, a conscientious objector and a poor physical specimen with flat feet and weak eyesight.

Clifford O. Saber was different. A mural painter before the war, Saber, 28, had served eight months in the 29th Infantry Division in 1940 before securing a temporary release from service—something permissible before Pearl Harbor. Eager to become a war artist, Saber had volunteered for the AFS because it offered him the swiftest route to the front line. There was no inner torment about the morality of war for Saber; he was having too much fun.

“At times the voyage was reminiscent of a peacetime cruise,” Saber recalled of the volunteers’ route across the Atlantic. “We had the run of the boat, food was excellent and plentiful, the weather pleasant enough for swimming and sunbathing.”

Mornings on ship were devoted to physical fitness, first aid, map reading, and language classes, and there were daily lectures on a diverse range of subjects. Evenings were spent in the bar, singing, talking, and playing poker. During this time, Saber sketched pen portraits of all his new comrades.

Now that Milne had had more time to acquaint himself with his fellow volunteers,

A British soldier is lifted into an AFS ambulance in Libya in February 1943 (top). The ambulance service had its origins in France during the First World War, with more than 2,000 American volunteers (above).



Many of Milne's comrades in the AFS were pacifists, like Henry Bonner, 19 (top), and Porter Jarrell, 23 (middle). An aspiring war artist, Clifford Saber, 28 (bottom), hoped to find action.

he told his mother they were like a “gypsy caravan full of Harvard grads, glamour boys & career men. But nearly all of them easy to get along with, and congenial.” His only concern, he confided, was whether they were cut out for what awaited them in North Africa. “Few of the fellows have ever known responsibility or adversity, or faint heart.”

Rather, they were idealists and romantics whose privileged lives had, in most cases, shielded them from destruction and violence. Beneath the confident façade of each volunteer was the nagging anxiety of what awaited them in North Africa, and how they would cope. Those were thoughts that haunted them all—as surely did, too, the realization that by the law of averages not all of them would return home.

THE MEN OF THE 16TH Volunteer Unit arrived at Port Tewfik, Egypt, on September 6, 1942, where they were welcomed to North Africa by Colonel Ralph Richmond of Boston, the officer in charge of the AFS in the Middle East, and Captain Andrew C. Geer, whom Saber described as “a dead ringer in looks for Dick Tracy.” Geer was the unit’s commanding officer, and word soon got around that not only was he a veteran of the desert war but that in his youth he had sparred with professional boxers Jack Dempsey and Gene Tunney.

The AFS had by then earned a reputation for courage and fortitude on the battlefield. The previous June at the Battle of Bir Hakeim, a strategically important oasis in the Libyan desert, they had lost 12 ambulances and two volunteers while tending to the wounded of the Free French. Their actions won praise from General Charles de Gaulle, as they had from the 2nd New Zealand Division, with whom the AFS had served during the Battle of Alam el Halfa in August in Egypt. Colonel Pat Ardagh, in command of the division’s Mobile Surgical Units, had written to Colonel Richmond to convey a “genuinely warm and sincere appreciation of everything done by the officers and men of [the AFS], whom we consider it an honor to have had with us.”

The Battle of Alam el Halfa had ended in defeat for German field marshal Erwin Rommel’s Panzer Armee Afrika. His armor failed to outflank the British, who were dug in on a firm defensive line at a place called El Alamein, north of Alam el Halfa. For the new com-

mander of the Eighth Army, Lieutenant General Bernard L. Montgomery, the victory had marked a turning point in the North African campaign. Montgomery surmised (correctly, as the Battle of Alam el Halfa was as far east as the Germans got) that Rommel had punched himself out. Now Montgomery began planning his own attack, Operation Lightfoot, scheduled for October 23, 1942.

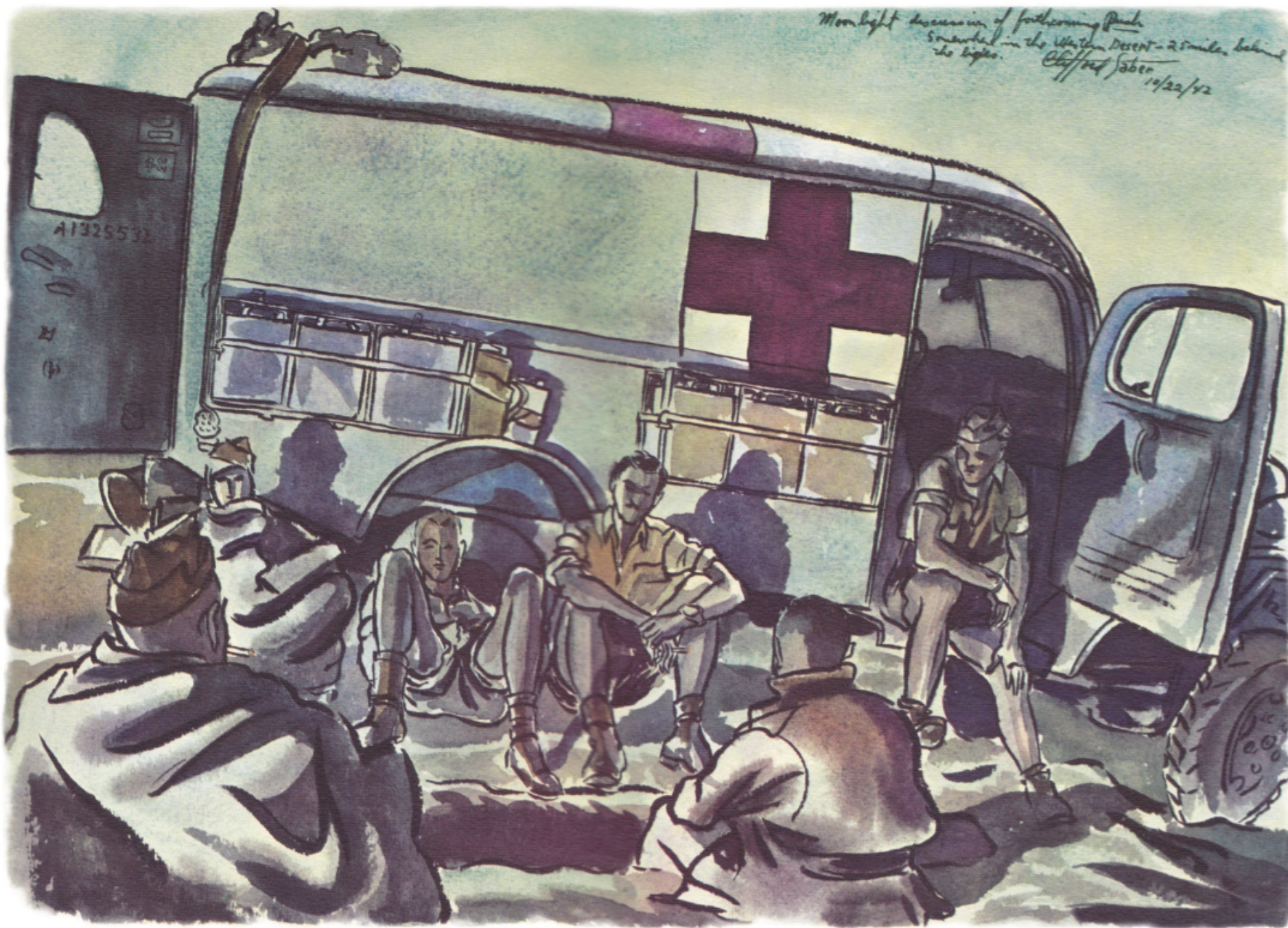
Trucks transported Milne and his comrades to their transit camp at El Tahag, about 40 miles from Cairo, and the AFS’s two-week training program began the following day. The volunteers had all passed first-aid exams on the ship; now they were schooled in desert navigation, convoy driving, land mine avoidance, ambulance maintenance, and the British Army medical system.

At the end of the training, the deputy director of medical services inspected the volunteers and their ambulances. He was delighted with what he found and informed the men that, as of now, the 16th Volunteer Unit no longer existed: it had been absorbed into the 15th AFS unit, serving with the British Army’s 567th Ambulance Car Company in the Royal Army Service Corps.

Proud as they were of their designation, the 15th were prouder still to be the sole American representatives in the Eighth Army. Geer commissioned Saber to design an insignia for the unit: a “wild, cocky, bald-headed eagle wearing an Uncle Sam hat against a red-cross background,” as Saber put it, that was emblazoned on the door of every ambulance.

The ambulances were American-made Dodges. “There are two brown leather seats forward that pitch up if wanted,” Milne told his mother. “Behind them a space of nine feet, two padded benches hinged on either side and four stretchers folded up, a toolbox, fire extinguisher, opening-out doors and a let-down step on the rear. The ceiling has two lights, a wire ventilator and fan.”

The 15th AFS was divided into six subsections, each comprising five ambulances, five drivers, a spare driver, a driver-mechanic, and a noncommissioned officer. Not only was the AFS taking shape, but so was the war—which, for Milne, had become less abstract, he explained in a letter home. “I feel now that there is more sense to this conflict,” Milne wrote, “not because of the old clichés and speeches, but simply because of listening to the thoughts of men.”



Saber's painting of AFS men and British soldiers discussing an upcoming mission by moonlight dates from October 1942. He also designed his unit's insignia (left, with section leader Arthur Howe Jr.).

WHAT HAS BECOME KNOWN as the Second Battle of El Alamein began on the evening of October 23, 1942, with a thunderous artillery barrage from 1,000 Allied guns. More than two weeks of brutal fighting followed, during which time the Eighth Army first emasculated the enemy's infantry before moving on to its armor. "The battle is coming to an end and I'm sorry to say it is not to our own profit," Rommel wrote to his daughter, Trudel, on November 4, as German troops began retreating west toward Libya.

The 15th AFS was deployed along the front line, where they collected wounded Austrians, Highlanders, New Zealanders, Free Frenchmen, and any enemy they encountered. They drove casualties back to an evacuation hospital whose three wards could handle 600 patients. Once treated, the severe cases were transported farther east to hospitals in the

British infantrymen
attack on Egypt's El
Alamein front in 1942.



Following the fight at El Alamein, the British Eighth Army pursued the enemy west toward Tunisia, where volunteer Randy Eaton (above)—“a good lad and a good driver”—lost his life from a shell burst.

Egyptian cities of Alexandria and Cairo.

“Our prime concern was to get these men back for further treatment without causing them additional pain or damage,” Clifford Saber recalled. The primitive desert roads “were hub-deep in dust which covered the holes and ruts; we drove slowly, sometimes at a crawl.... When we had unloaded, we raced back. Our work was to be steady

for the next week or so but not as rushed as it was the first two days and nights.”

The stoicism of the soldiers they loaded into their ambulances deeply impressed the Americans. The more badly wounded received morphine doses, but others—those with “lucky” wounds—sat in the back of the ambulance and spoke with the euphoria of survival. “What good sports most of them are,” Caleb Milne wrote. “I feel a very real sense of brotherhood in this work.... It is sad that this relationship comes as the result of catastrophe rather than the remedy for it.”

Throughout November, the Eighth Army pursued their enemy across the Egyptian border into Libya—while 2,000 miles farther west, American and British troops invaded

French Morocco and Algeria. Allied troops had the Axis forces in a vice, although it would take six more months before they were squeezed into surrendering.

As the 15th AFS advanced west with the Eighth, they began to encounter more of the enemy. In a letter to a family friend—celebrated American composer and music critic Deems Taylor—Milne wrote of a young German soldier he had recently delivered to a field hospital who had left in his ambulance a book entitled *An Introduction to Mozart*. “I am writing you of this incident not as a sentimental episode,” Milne explained, “but to send to the Philharmonic the gratitude and the hungry welcome that will always greet great music wherever, and whenever, civilized men are listening.”

Such rays of civilization were rare, however, as the Eighth Army drove on toward Tripoli, the Libyan capital. The AFS was subjected to enemy barrages and, most feared of all, aerial attacks. “I was taken by surprise when a flight of Stukas, black and evil in the sunlight, swooped upon us,” wrote Milne in January 1943. “For some inane reason I jammed my coat-collar up and pulled my head down tight into my shoulders as the dark body swooped at



As the 15th AFS advanced west with the British Eighth Army, they began to encounter more of the enemy.

me. It zoomed with a mighty roar over my head and I saw the sand lift and snap in a sprinkle of machine gun bullets. Then it was gone.”

AFTER 1,400 MILES OF HARD SLOG, the Eighth Army entered Tripoli on January 23, three months to the day since the start of the El Alamein offensive. “We hurried into the city and had a few drinks of vino in celebration,” Saber recalled, “then descended upon a horse-drawn carriage with an Italian driver and demanded the keys to the city.”

The Axis troops still had plenty of piss and vinegar despite their withdrawal into Tunisia. Between them and their pursuers was the Mareth Line, a chain of blockhouses stretching 22 miles inland from Zarat, on the east coast, to the Matmata Hills in the southwest. Erected by the French before the war as a deterrent to Benito Mussolini’s Italian forces, they were now manned by the First Italian Army—which included many veteran German formations—and presented a serious obstacle to Montgomery’s Eighth Army.

They attacked on March 20; three days later, Clifford Saber’s luck ran out. “His ambulance was strafed from the air by a low-flying enemy aircraft about 8 miles north of Medenine,” reported Captain Arthur Howe Jr., who had risen through the ranks from ambulance driver to section leader. “One bullet came through the roof of the car and hit Saber in the back of the head. His spare driver, William Schorger, took over the car, which had not been damaged.”

A surgeon saved Saber’s life. Nothing, though, could be done for ambulance

driver Randy Eaton, 21, when he was hit by a shell on March 25. “He died instantly, without pain,” wrote Lieutenant Charlie Snead in the platoon diary. “The whole crew are severely shocked. He was a good lad and a good driver.”

Milne knew Eaton only in passing, but his death exacerbated the grief he had been feeling since March 22 when his mechanic—a jolly young Englishman attached to the AFS—was killed in a bombing by a German fighter plane. “It was such a jolt to see so good a mixture of vitality and smiles and health reduced with such ghastly abruptness,” Milne told his mother. “But, as I have always felt, the pain exists only for the bystanders. I don’t understand life, so naturally death seems very simple to me.”

By March 29, 1943, the Germans and Italians had been forced from the Mareth Line,

AFS men watch a dogfight in the Tunisian sky. “I saw the sand lift and snap in a sprinkle of machine gun bullets,” Milne wrote after enemy Stukas suddenly appeared overhead.





Eighth Army soldiers celebrate the capture of an enemy blockhouse on Tunisia's Mareth Line, March 31, 1943. Inset: a destroyed AFS ambulance in Tunisia attests to the danger of the volunteers' work.

and by the middle of April the Eighth Army had taken the city of Sfax on Tunisia's east coast, 170 miles southeast of the capital city of Tunis. The fighting in the following weeks was bitter as the enemy exploited the mountainous terrain inland from Enfidaville, just 50 miles south of Tunis, to make a final stand. But Tunis fell on May 7, and the AFS were the first Americans inside the capital. Now all that remained by way of German defiance was what Australian war correspondent Alan Moorehead described as "a large knot of resistance in the mountains between Zaghouan and Enfidaville."

Remnants of the Germans' battle-hard-

ened 90th Light Africa Division were dug in on the high ground. Their mortars had inflicted many casualties on the New Zealanders occupying the slit trenches below, and on May 9, General Philippe Leclerc's Free French Forces replaced the Kiwis. The French troops counted among their number 20 men from the 15th AFS, all of whom had responded to a request for stretcher-bearers.

The French opened their offensive at 5:15 on the morning of May 11. As their artillery sought the Germans on the mountains, the enemy mortars responded in kind. Porter Jarrell and another AFS volunteer, Robert J. F. Lindsay, were attached to the French Foreign Legion's second battalion, which had successfully seized an enemy observation point on a small peak. Down in a ravine, though, the German mortars were inflicting heavy casualties on the Legion's first battalion. Jarrell knew that his friends Caleb Milne and Henry Bonner were with them and set off to assist. "The 1st Battalion had been suffering from the same mortar barrage as we had, but the effect was more costly," he recalled.

Jarrell—who in 1944 would be decorated for

gallantry by British Special Forces for rescuing two wounded men while under aerial attack—found Bonner bleeding from a shrapnel wound to his back. Then, from above, Jarrell heard a cry for help. He scrambled over the scree and discovered Milne and the French soldier he had been tending when a shell exploded.

“I took a brief look at the Legionnaire and saw there was very little chance for him, since he had severe head and abdominal wounds,” Jarrell said. “Milne seemed in good condition, considering that his left leg was badly cut by shrapnel and the foot broken at the ankle.” A calm Milne explained to Jarrell that he had also received “a small piece in his back.” Ignoring the continuing mortar barrage, Jarrell applied a tourniquet and gave his friend a shot of morphine. Then, with the help of Lindsay and a second AFS man, Jarrell loaded Milne onto a stretcher and carried him down the mountainside.

That evening Jarrell received a visit from a Lieutenant Martineau, the medical officer of the 1st Battalion. He had good and bad news: Bonner was going to be fine. But despite the efforts of two surgeons, it had not been possible to save Milne. It hadn’t been such a “small piece” of shrapnel after all. Martineau offered his condolences. “Milne was so evidently a gentleman,” he told Jarrell. “He did his work better than any other probably because he was a better man than any other.”

The following day the French took the mountain. A May 13 entry in the 15th AFS war diary reads: “Five ambulances and personnel relieved of duty with the Free French Corps.” The dry notation didn’t do the moment justice.

Captain Thomas O. Greenough, who had replaced the repatriated Captain Geer as the unit’s commanding officer, came up from battalion HQ to commend Jarrell and his colleagues for their gallantry. As the Americans boarded a truck for the trip back to base, Greenough recalled, the “hard-bitten Legionnaires themselves saluted them when they left.”

THE BRITISH HONORED MILNE by covering his coffin with their flag as they lowered him into the ground at a scenic spot close to the sea and within sight of the mountain on which he had been mortally wounded.

In the U.S., however, his valor was met with indifference. In reporting Milne’s death—one of 36 AFS men to die in the war—the newspapers were more interested in reminding their readers of his youthful indiscretions. “Hoax Kidnap Figure is Killed in Tunisia” was the *New York Times*’s headline.

What would Milne have thought? He had traveled a long, occasionally painful road to redemption, and the experience had made him a better man. In a letter he wrote for his mother in the event of his death, he asked her not to grieve. “I am not in the least unhappy for myself, and I beg of you not to be,” he said. “It has been, and is a vivid, amazing, wonderful world so full of winter and spring, warm rain and cold snow, adventures and contentments, good things and bad—that the experiences already crowded into my days have answered every wish and need of mine for fullness and plenty.... I do not want to live forever—the past has been splendid enough in the intricacies of living which I have so loved.” ★

Jarrell found Bonner bleeding from a shrapnel wound to his back. Then, from above, Jarrell heard a cry for help.

An AFS ambulance rests beside an Allied graveyard in the North African desert. During the war years, and across three theaters, there were 104 AFS volunteer casualties, 36 of them deaths.



LAND DOWN UNDER

AFTER WAR CAME to the Pacific, fears that Australia would be invaded reached a fever pitch when the Japanese began bombing Darwin in the Northern Territory in early 1942. With Britain and the U.S. preoccupied with their own fights and unable to offer spare airplanes or parts, the Royal Australian Air Force (RAAF) realized it needed a native-built fighter to help protect the homeland. They soon commissioned the Commonwealth Aircraft Corporation (CAC) to produce the single-seat Boomerang fighter. Model CA-12, depicted below, was the first of four variants built from 1942 to 1944.

CAC fashioned the Boomerang for high maneuverabil-

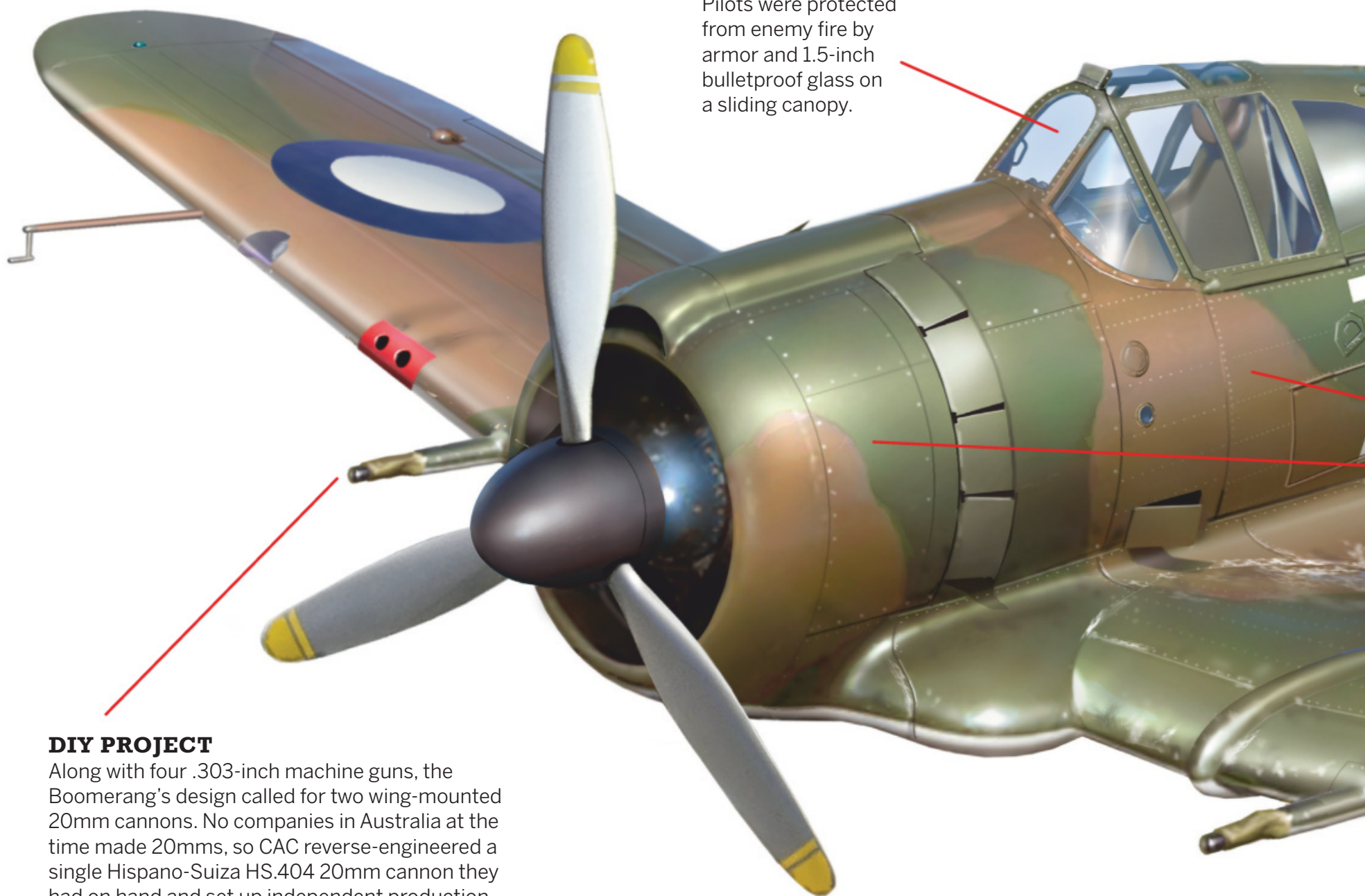
ity, but it soon became apparent that the monoplane's relatively low engine power made it too slow to successfully match up against the latest Japanese airplanes, and it never recorded any kills in combat. Once the RAAF's fleet was reinforced with Royal Air Force Spitfires and P-40D Kittyhawks in early 1943, the Boomerang changed roles and became a successful ground-attack and reconnaissance aircraft. In missions in the Solomon Islands, New Guinea, and Borneo, the Boomerang's maneuverability and 20mm cannon served it in good stead, especially in close troop support. Of the 250 Boomerangs built, only a few survive today. —Larry Porges

TOP DRAWER

Pilots were protected from enemy fire by armor and 1.5-inch bulletproof glass on a sliding canopy.

DIY PROJECT

Along with four .303-inch machine guns, the Boomerang's design called for two wing-mounted 20mm cannons. No companies in Australia at the time made 20mms, so CAC reverse-engineered a single Hispano-Suiza HS.404 20mm cannon they had on hand and set up independent production.





CA-19 Boomerangs line up in the Solomon Islands. The Australian-built airplane proved most useful while supporting ground troops in the Pacific.

AUSTRALIAN CA-12 BOOMERANG

Crew: 1 / Length: 25 ft 6 in / Wingspan: 36 ft 3 in / Maximum speed: 305 mph / Range: 930 miles / Engine: 1,200-hp Pratt & Whitney R-1830-S3C4-G / There were few significant differences in the four Boomerang variants, from CA-12 to CA-19.



THE COMPETITION

AMERICAN P-47D THUNDERBOLT

Crew: 1 / Length: 36 ft 1 in / Wingspan: 40 ft 9 in / Maximum speed: 433 mph / Range: 1,030 miles / Engine: 2,600-hp Pratt & Whitney R-2800-59B / Republic's fighter/bomber/ground-attack P-47 fought both in Europe and the Pacific Theater.



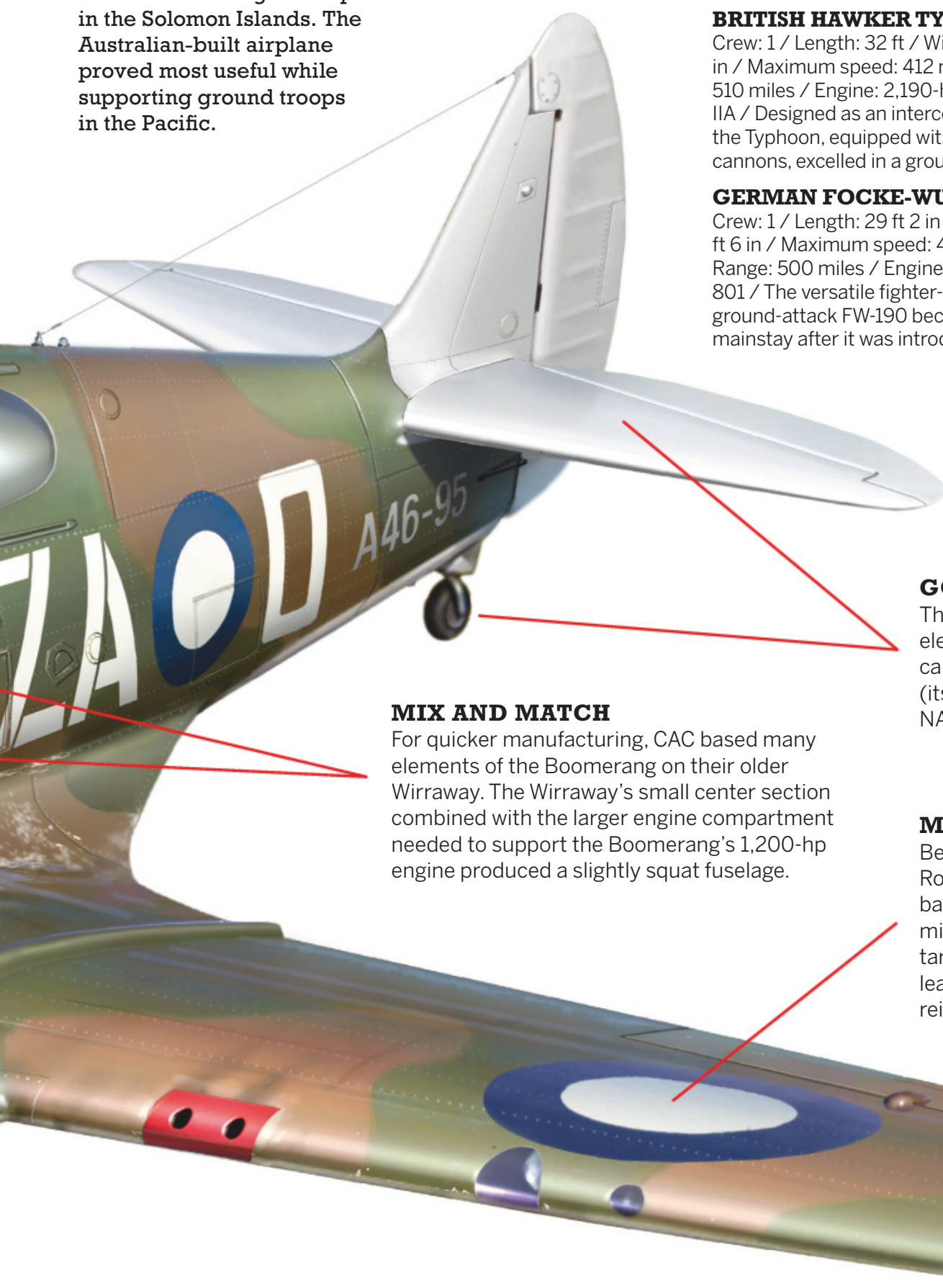
BRITISH HAWKER TYPHOON

Crew: 1 / Length: 32 ft / Wingspan: 41 ft 7 in / Maximum speed: 412 mph / Range: 510 miles / Engine: 2,190-hp Napier-Sabre IIA / Designed as an interceptor fighter, the Typhoon, equipped with rockets and cannons, excelled in a ground-attack role.



GERMAN FOCKE-WULF FW-190F

Crew: 1 / Length: 29 ft 2 in / Wingspan: 34 ft 6 in / Maximum speed: 408 mph / Range: 500 miles / Engine: 2,100-hp BMW 801 / The versatile fighter-bomber and ground-attack FW-190 became a Luftwaffe mainstay after it was introduced in 1941.



MIX AND MATCH

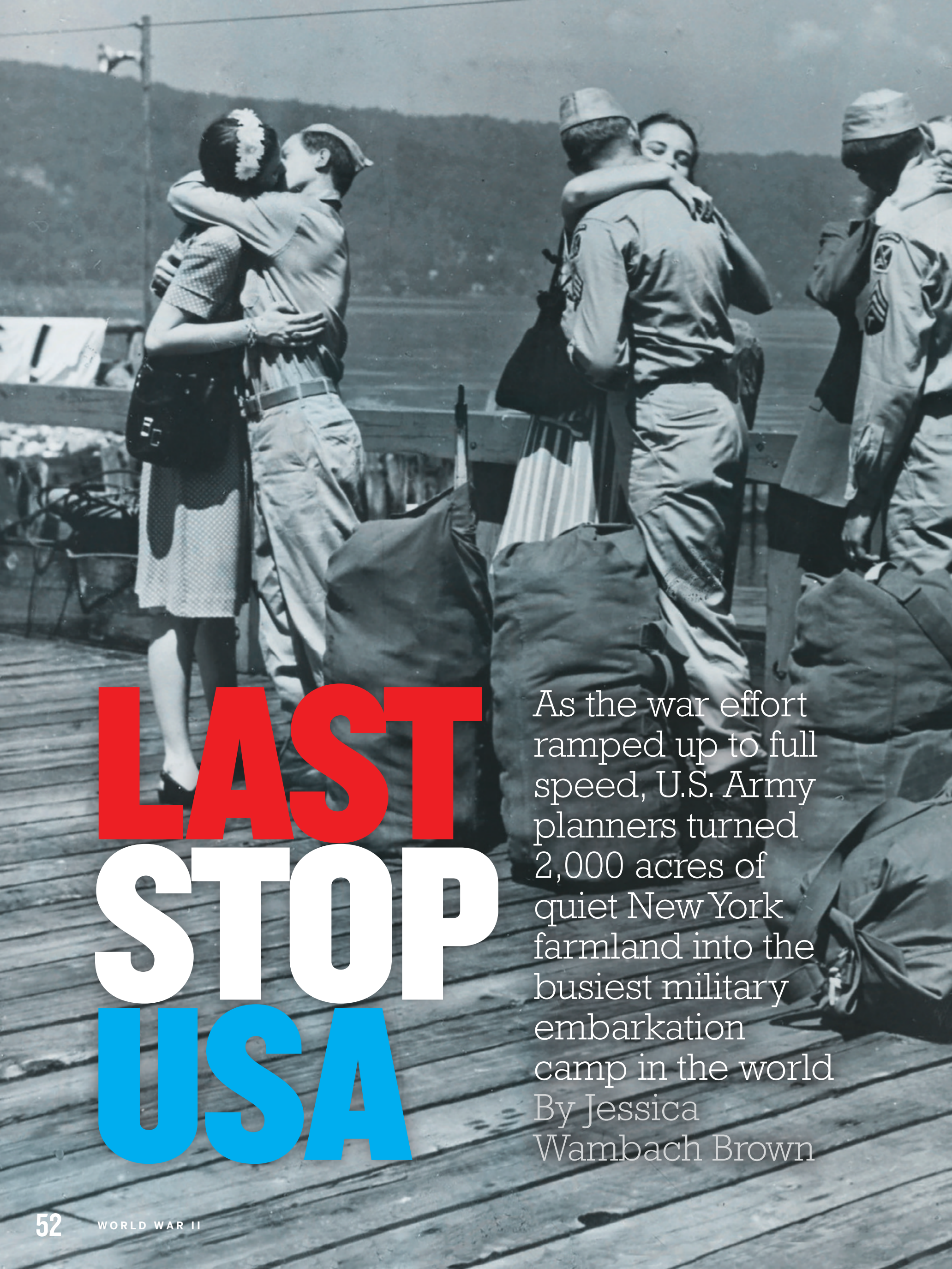
For quicker manufacturing, CAC based many elements of the Boomerang on their older Wirraway. The Wirraway's small center section combined with the larger engine compartment needed to support the Boomerang's 1,200-hp engine produced a slightly squat fuselage.

GOOD FOR THE GANDER

The Boomerang's landing gear and the tail unit's elevator, stabilizers, and rudder were additional carryover features from the CAC Wirraway (itself a license-built version of North American's NA-16 trainer).

MISTAKEN IDENTITY

Before the war, the RAAF used the standard British Royal Air Force roundel of concentric blue and white bands around a red center. After a U.S. Navy fighter mistook an Australian flying boat for a Japanese target during the war, the red center was removed, leaving just a blue-and-white roundel. The RAAF reinstituted the RAF markings after the war.



LAST STOP USA

As the war effort ramped up to full speed, U.S. Army planners turned 2,000 acres of quiet New York farmland into the busiest military embarkation camp in the world
By Jessica Wambach Brown



Standing on the Camp Shanks pier that would soon take them to war, soldiers of the 10th Mountain Division enjoy the company of models wishing them a very fond farewell.



Major Drew Eberson (below, in driver's seat) was tasked with finding a location for a vast new army staging base. Camp Shanks (left) was soon under construction in rural Orangeburg, N.Y.



IN THE DARKEST HOURS of many nights from April 1943 to May 1945, people living on the outskirts of Orangeburg, New York, awoke to the heavy footfalls of soldiers on their final march on American soil. Division by division—from the 6th Armored to the 101st Airborne—nearly 1.3 million uniformed men and women filed from the Camp Shanks staging area to railcars and ferries that would transport them 30 miles south to ocean liners waiting at the mouth of the Hudson River.

The soldiers, among them three-quarters of the Americans who would invade France on D-Day, marched by clapboard buildings where the army had ensured their equipment and personal affairs were in order. They passed stages where the likes of Ethel Merman and Judy Garland had offered them Broadway diversions and rainbow daydreams during their fleeting stay. Those departing by ferry skirted a silk mill in the village of Piermont that spent its days churning out ribbons for medals to be pinned to the chests of men who had preceded them across the Atlantic.

A mile-long wooden pier took the soldiers through head-high wetland reeds to a ferry slip in the deepest part of the Hudson. Neatly dressed Red Cross volunteers offered donuts and paper cups of steaming coffee, while local boys who had sneaked out to check muskrat

traps hid in the shadows and watched boots that would storm Normandy and defend Bastogne stamp out final cigarettes. When their commanding officers issued the order, each soldier hefted a bulging duffle bag, climbed up the gangplank, and set off to war.

IT WAS AN EARLY September afternoon in 1942 when Major Drew Eberson of the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers motored north from New Jersey into New York amid the first hints of fall colors on a new assignment. Before departing the United States for either theater of its evolving war, every soldier underwent final inspection and processing at one of several army ports located in coastal cities like Seattle, San Francisco, New Orleans, and Hampton Roads, Virginia. The army tapped its New York Port of Embarkation, consisting of Brooklyn's Fort Hamilton and New Jersey's Camp Kilmer, as the primary departure point for troops bound for Europe and North Africa. Some 150,000 U.S. soldiers had already crossed the Atlantic. Expecting to send hundreds of thousands more in the coming months, the army

dispatched Eberson to scout a location for a new staging area that would double the capacity of the New York Port of Embarkation, making it the largest in the world.

Twenty miles north of Manhattan, Eberson pulled to the side of Western Highway to survey the hamlet of Orangeburg, population 500. Established by Dutch farmers through trade with the Tappan band of Algonquin Indians in 1686, the area was dominated by rolling fields of cabbage, tomatoes, and corn. Orangeburg checked every one of Eberson's boxes. The farmland and sparse population meant minimal demolition and displacements. The Erie Railroad and the West Shore line of the New York Central crossed tracks here and could support troop movements. With a little dredging and construction of a pier, the Hudson River, fewer than two miles east, could provide ferry access to New York Harbor.

On September 25, Eberson gathered 130-some nervous local landowners in a school

auditorium to break the news: under the authority of the War Powers Act, the Army Service Forces would be purchasing their properties above market price. The acquired parcels totaled 1,365 acres. The army would lease an additional 675 acres of state land to round out what would be called Camp Shanks in honor of Major General David C. Shanks, who directed the New York Port of Embarkation during World War I. The Corps of Engineers' plan would create a base a mile wide—from Western Highway to Rockland State Hospital, a psychiatric facility that would lend the army medical wards—and two-and-a-half long, stretching into the hamlets of Blauvelt to the north and Tappan to the south. Residents had two weeks to vacate.

IT WOULD COST just shy of \$45 million to transform Orangeburg into a camp that could accommodate a staff of 5,500 permanent military personnel and some 40,000 transient soldiers at any given time. The army contracted Cauldwell-Wingate Company to put up the post's 2,500 buildings and Poirier McLane Corporation to develop the area's first sewer system and other supporting infrastructure. With the army expecting to process outbound troops through Shanks by spring of

1943, the companies put more than 17,000 local draftsmen, carpenters, mechanics, and general laborers on the job. One of the first on payroll was Leonard Hunt, a salesman from nearby Nyack who, on his first day in late September, bulldozed row after row of cabbages ripe for harvest.

Construction crews persevered through an unusually cold winter—temperatures dropped to a record -26 degrees—and the first staff members reported for duty at the half-finished camp on January 4, 1943. The army took great care to protect information about troop movements. Although locals were well aware of Camp Shanks, its name and purpose would be concealed from outside media. One of the first acts of the camp's commanding officer, Colonel Kenna G. Eastham, was to establish a biweekly newspaper that would meet the information and entertainment needs of both permanent and passing soldiers. *The Palisades* was staffed by a team of experienced prewar news editors and reporters, along with cartoonist Bill Wenzel, whose voluptuous female characters earned much of the credit for the four-page tabloid's readership and launched his three-decade career as a prolific pinup artist.

While the military staff settled in, the army advertised for some 1,500 civilian workers

Railcars and ferries transported nearly 1.3 million uniformed men and women from Camp Shanks to New York Harbor.

Hundreds of soldiers prepare to test their gas masks outside Camp Shanks's three tear gas chambers.





Top: Visiting crooner Frank Sinatra chats with two WACs. **Above:** Heavyweight boxing champion Joe Louis (left) and former light-heavyweight champion Melio Bettina, both stationed at Camp Shanks, spar for the camera.

to augment the motor pool and run post exchanges for about \$250 a month. Eighteen-year-old Ruth Beard Stoughton of Tappan gladly quit her split-shift job as an operator at Bell Telephone to hock 3-cent candy bars at the PXs, where she enjoyed more than her share of Reese's Peanut Butter Cups. Fully staffed and with construction nearly complete, Camp Shanks welcomed its first deploying troops on April 17.

WHEN ARMY DIVISIONS training in camps around the country received orders to embark from New York for Europe or North Africa, their entire complement loaded in train cars bound for Camp Shanks or Camp Kilmer in New Jersey. Orders were secret, and troops seldom knew which camp they were headed to. Stoughton's brother, Paul Russell Beard, had

an advantage. A field artillery forward observer with the Third Army, the staff sergeant fell asleep shortly after his unit departed its Maryland training center. He awoke just in time to spot Skinner's Bar on Oak Tree Road in Tappan, a few blocks from his family's Italianate home, and knew he was destined for Shanks.

Troops rarely stayed in Orangeburg for more than a week. The Camp Shanks experience began with quick medical and dental exams, a review of vaccination records, and administration of missing shots. Soldiers tested their gas masks in one of three tear gas chambers and practiced abandon-ship drills—climbing down vertical cargo nets into simulated rowboats to prepare them for potential trouble during the Atlantic crossing. The latter activity made a lasting impression on Tula Civeta LaValley, whose Women's Army Corps (WAC) unit passed through Shanks in the spring of 1943. "If I ever had to do that [at sea], I'm sure I would have stayed on the ship!" she reflected years later.

Shoulder patches and other unit-identifying insignia were removed from uniforms in case the transports should fall into enemy hands. There were lectures on mail censorship, insurance benefits, and legal matters. During one particularly somber talk, an instructor lightened the mood by calling Army Air Forces sergeant Ralph Scott from the audience to sing "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling" to a young woman who was employed in an adjacent office. "I could see the grins on my men who were enjoying my embarrassment, and all I wanted about then was to be someplace else," Scott recalled.

Each soldier would depart equipped for battle. Quartermasters ensured every infantryman had a fully functioning M1 rifle with bayonet, as well as a helmet, cartridge belt, and field pack with required contents—raincoat, shelter-half tent and poles, canteen, toiletries, mess kit, first aid pack, entrenching tool, and more. Any item found wanting was repaired or replaced before the soldier shipped out. In Shanks's busiest month, October 1944, the Quartermaster Corps issued 646,000 pieces of new equipment.

WHILE MOST UNITS were cleared for deployment just two days after arriving in camp, they typically had to wait another four to five days for their transatlantic voyage. As a staging area, Shanks lacked the training facilities the army traditionally used to keep soldiers busy, so top brass sought other means to prevent idle soldiers from brooding over the perils awaiting them across the pond.

The war department had created Special Services, a recreation and entertainment unit, in July 1940 to maintain troop morale. No base had a finer office than Camp Shanks. Permanently assigned musicians, composers, and comedians staged nightly performances, while boxing greats like reigning world heavyweight titleholder Sergeant Joe Louis refereed amateur matches and fought exhibition rounds. Drawing on talent within Shanks's permanent staff, the office organized a 28-piece orchestra and fielded a baseball team that held the Chicago Cubs to a 5-2 victory and a basketball squad that took on the Harlem Globetrotters. "They beat the hell out of us," remembered Herbert Walden of Shanks's 22nd Medical Detachment. In the camp's first six months, 44,000 troops swam in the pool and 122,000 enjoyed prerelease films in one of the six movie theaters.

Special Services had the dual job of attracting visiting talent to



The USO provided numerous diversions for soldiers on the eve of deployment. A local church barn was converted into a dance hall (left) for up to 600 people. Below: Duffle bags in tow, soldiers board a train south to waiting transport ships.

Camp Shanks. Vaudeville, Broadway, and Hollywood stars jumped at the chance to entertain outgoing troops on the camp's four main stages, including the "Shanksmobile," a wheeled platform modeled after a Mississippi showboat. Soldiers roared at the antics of Jimmy Durante and Mickey Rooney and cheered for queens of screen and stage like Myrna Loy and Helen Hayes.

In 1944, Camp Shanks was the proving ground for a playful musical satire of army life meant to boost morale across the globe. Hundreds of Shanks staffers responded to the casting call for *About Face*, whose authors included Army Air Forces private Frank Loesser, the Broadway composer serving in Special Services who would pen *Guys and Dolls* after the war.

Designed for easy production at overseas bases, the script featured short comedic sketches and catchy tunes written in registers the average untrained G.I. voice could manage. Accompaniment could be as sparse as a piano, or as robust as a full orchestra. Suggested props and costumes were simple and easily sourced; a soldier could become Abraham Lincoln with just a bathrobe, a string tie, and a crepe paper-and-tape beard.

About Face, which opened in the camp's filled-to-capacity Victory Hall on May 26, 1944, was an instant hit. The audience howled at numbers like "Gee, but It's Great to Be in the Army," which facetiously celebrated soldiers' newfound housekeeping and laundry skills with lines like: "When I get back to civilian life, I'm gonna make someone a hell of a wife."

In April 1945, a pinstriped Frank Sinatra chatted up members of Shanks's two WAC detachments, then broadcast a live radio show before an audience of men about to ship out as replacements. "The GIs reacted to Frankie as though they were wearing bobby-sox instead of battle-boots," *The Palisades* reported.

SOLDIERS WHO TIRED of the base amenities could venture off with a 12-hour pass. The surrounding com-

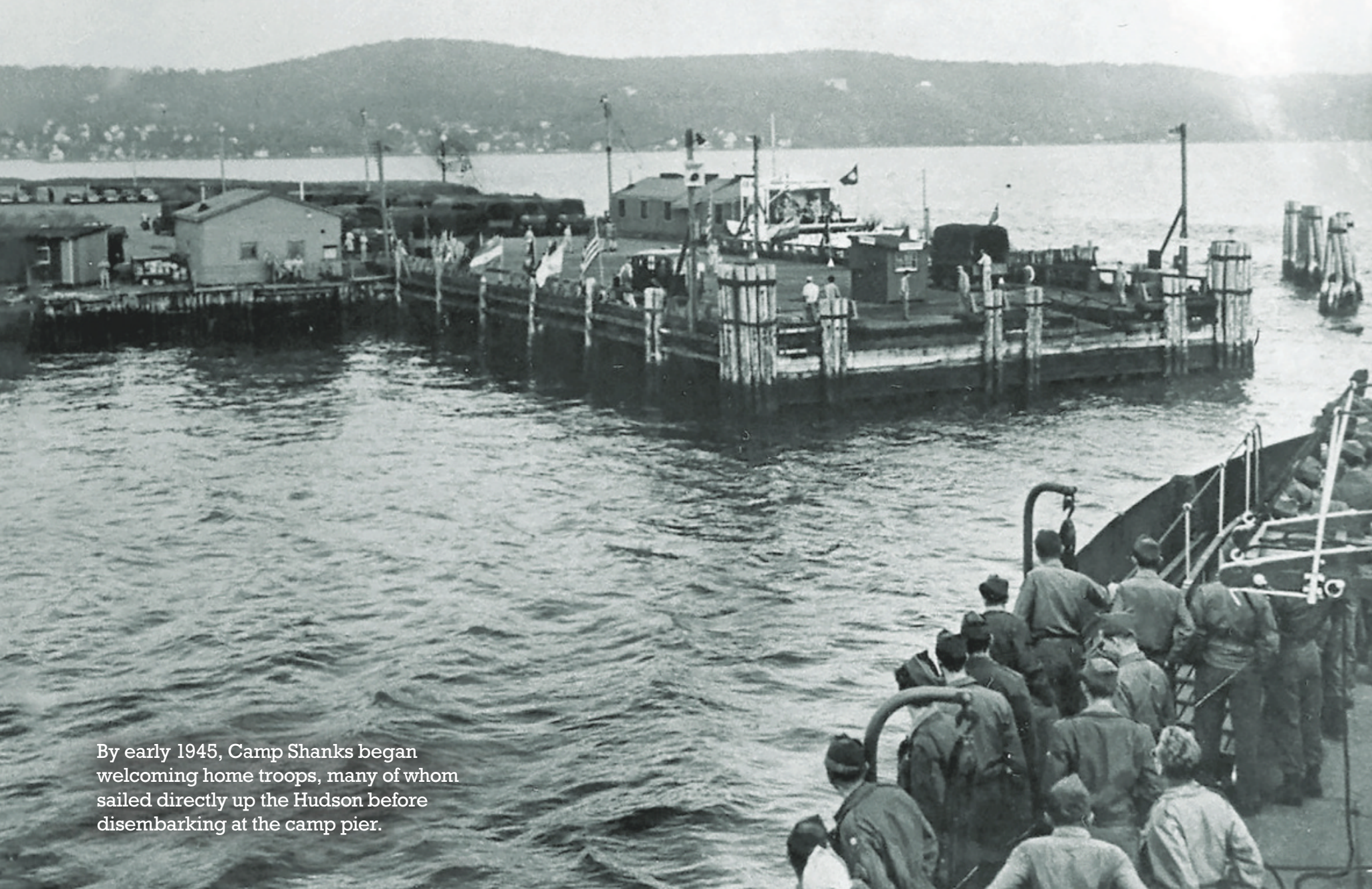
munities welcomed them at four USO clubs. Each offered complimentary food and the friendship of young civilian hostesses, who were recommended by clergymen and trained in the proper wardrobe and etiquette for providing G-rated company to soldiers on the brink of deployment.

In Tappan, local volunteers swept the cobwebs out of the Dutch Reformed Church's old manse barn to create a dance floor that could hold 600 people. On any given day, soldiers could try Ping-Pong, finger-painting, or cigarette bingo. Guides offered historical walking tours of the neighborhood where George Washington had briefly camped the Continental Army in 1780.

The Camp Shanks-area USOs were noted for going above and beyond. On March 3, 1945, the Nyack club bused 150 Japanese American women from New York to join a dessert-and-dance party for soldiers deploying as replacements for the all-Japanese American 100th Infantry Battalion, whose members would be awarded eight Medals of Honor for their service in Europe.

Outside the USOs, soldiers filled the barstools of many local watering holes. Herb Walden recalled that Bill Larkin's tavern, just off base from the hospital, was a particular favorite. "The big parking lot had more fights in it than the whole history of Madison Square Garden," he said.





By early 1945, Camp Shanks began welcoming home troops, many of whom sailed directly up the Hudson before disembarking at the camp pier.

For 45 cents, soldiers could hop a bus to the Big Apple for a taste of the nightclub scene. The 502nd Parachute Infantry Regiment preferred the tiki-themed Hurricane Club. First Lieutenant Wallace Strobel's only vivid memory of his short stay at Camp Shanks was the night a friend arranged for him and three G.I. buddies to see a Hurricane show called *Early to Bed*, then paint Park Avenue red with four of the act's female stars.

CITY LIGHTS AND charming ladies provided temporary distractions for the waiting soldier, but little could numb the nerves once a unit was placed on alert status with fewer than 12 hours to departure.

Restricted to base, soldiers chalked passenger list numbers on their helmets and duffle bags and often reclined on their wool-blanketed bunks to draft one last stateside letter. Many sent any remaining U.S. currency off to their families—one Shanks postal clerk recollected writing upward of 600 money orders a day—or made final PX purchases. Ruth Stoughton was filling soda orders one late December afternoon when she noticed a soldier staring into the distance as he leaned against a jukebox

playing "White Christmas." "He looked so sad and lonely," she remembered. "Every time I hear that song I still think of that guy."

Troops moved out quickly and secretly. During Paul Beard's brief time at Camp Shanks, he made a nightly habit of sneaking out the gate, where his sister was waiting to give him a lift to the family home on Oak Tree Road. "I went up one night to get him and he was gone," Stoughton recalled.

To protect against possible enemy air observation, soldiers typically left Camp Shanks in the dark. Divisions would muster an hour before departure and shed their helmets for a chaplain's final blessing. While some left by ferry, the majority departed by train from the southeast corner of the post. The march took them right past the WAC barracks. Women would often pull overcoats over their pajamas and gather roadside to wave goodbye, the occasional low wolf whistle punctuating the steady beat of combat boots on pavement. An entire battalion could be loaded on a train and gone in just four minutes. On Camp Shanks's busiest day in October 1944, 27,626 men—nearly two whole divisions—departed its gates.

In the upper reaches of New York Harbor, soldiers loaded onto transatlantic transports. For some, these were the *Queen Mary* and *Queen Elizabeth*, ocean liners that could carry upward of 16,000 passengers and outpace German U-boats. Arriving in England or Scotland, each unit would transfer to a staging area and await the start of its war.

IN JANUARY 1945, traffic began flowing the other direction. Thirteen hundred American soldiers were pulled off the front lines for a month-long furlough and arrived at Camp Shanks for in-processing. With the

tide of the war turning, civilian media were welcomed through the gates for the first time to share the story of battle-hardened men guzzling milk, lingering under hot showers, and making teary-eyed phone calls home.

Outbound troop shipments dropped dramatically in March 1945 and had stopped altogether by Germany's surrender on May 7. The Shanks Quartermaster Corps, which had supervised the departure of nearly 1.3 million U.S. soldiers, celebrated V-E Day in the basement of its headquarters. "Rank was tossed out the window and much fluid was tossed down the hatch," according to an informal unit history.

Returning soldiers flooded into Camp Shanks. Within 24 hours of arrival, they were on trains to reception stations near their hometowns. This included 45,000 men who shipped directly from Europe to the Piermont Pier. Marching up the dock, they were greeted by masses of cheering locals, many holding signs asking for any news of their loved ones.

The SS *Marine Fox* delivered the 10th Mountain Division's 85th Infantry Regiment on sunny August 11, 1945, two days after the second atomic bomb dropped on Nagasaki. The camp was abuzz with hopes of a war-ending Japanese surrender. The men celebrated with a steak dinner and a post-amphitheater show in which actress Betty Grable, who had starred in many soldiers' pinup dreams, welcomed them home in person.

When the 38th Field Artillery arrived at Camp Shanks, the Battery C clerk opened his duffle bag to reveal unconventional luggage—a 12-year-old Polish boy named Joseph Per-

emba. The orphan was laboring on a farm in Germany when Battery C made him an honorary ammunition carrier. It took the Supreme Court and Congress years to straighten out Peremba's legal status, but he was eventually adopted into the clerk's Oklahoma family.

CAMP SHANKS'S final assignment was staging nearly 290,000 German and Italian prisoners of war returning home. The War Department planned to convert the camp into a national cemetery upon decommissioning in July 1946, but Columbia University proposed an alternative.

To alleviate an acute housing shortage, barracks were repurposed into 1,100 apartment units that veterans enrolled in New York colleges could rent for as little as \$29 a month. Most Shanks Village families lived on a meager \$120 monthly stipend. Resourceful residents developed grocery cooperatives, babysitting pools, and other communal approaches to living that drew *Life* magazine, curious politicians, and anthropologist Margaret Mead to visit the village before its 1956 closure.

Many veterans of Camp Shanks and Shanks Village settled permanently in the Orangeburg area, aiding its transformation into a New York City bedroom community. Shanks buildings were torn down or sold off, and in 1958 the new Palisades Interstate Parkway bisected the former grounds, offering commuters a quick route south to the city. Today the only surviving traces of the staging area dubbed "Last Stop USA" are a few officers' homes, a flagpole, and the pier that saw thousands off to war. ★

Returning soldiers were greeted by masses of cheering locals, many holding signs asking for news of their loved ones.

After the war, Camp Shanks transformed into Shanks Village, a cooperative community with affordable housing for veterans and their families.



DECEITFUL TOYS

Nazi indoctrination started early

Nazi indoctrination began with the systematic brainwashing of German youth from early childhood—a practice made vivid in a permanent exhibit at Germany’s Bunker Museum of Hagen. “Our visitors are thoroughly shocked about the deceitful toys that are displayed in our exhibit,” called *Hitler’s Invasion of Children’s Rooms*, curator Michaela Beiderbeck told *World War II*. “Few people today are aware of just how much children were manipulated in the Third Reich.” Following Hitler’s ascent to power in 1933, German toy manufacturers voluntarily produced Nazi-themed items to capitalize on the success of the new regime. Children as young as two or three were given puzzles with Wehrmacht military scenes as toys. “The children grew up believing that soldiers, war, heroism, and death were completely normal aspects of everyday life,” Beiderbeck said. “This was an attempt to prevent future generations from questioning Nazi policies.”

The regime’s targeting of young Germans was methodical. No child was safe from exposure to Nazi propaganda at home, play, or school, the exhibit shows. Beiderbeck said she particularly wanted to shed light on children’s stolen innocence. “I believe this topic is very, very important,” she said, “because it clarifies to observers that the regime conditioned a generation who could not recognize that all these militaristic, inhumane values were wrong, because all these subjects were ‘sold’ to them in day-to-day life as correct.”

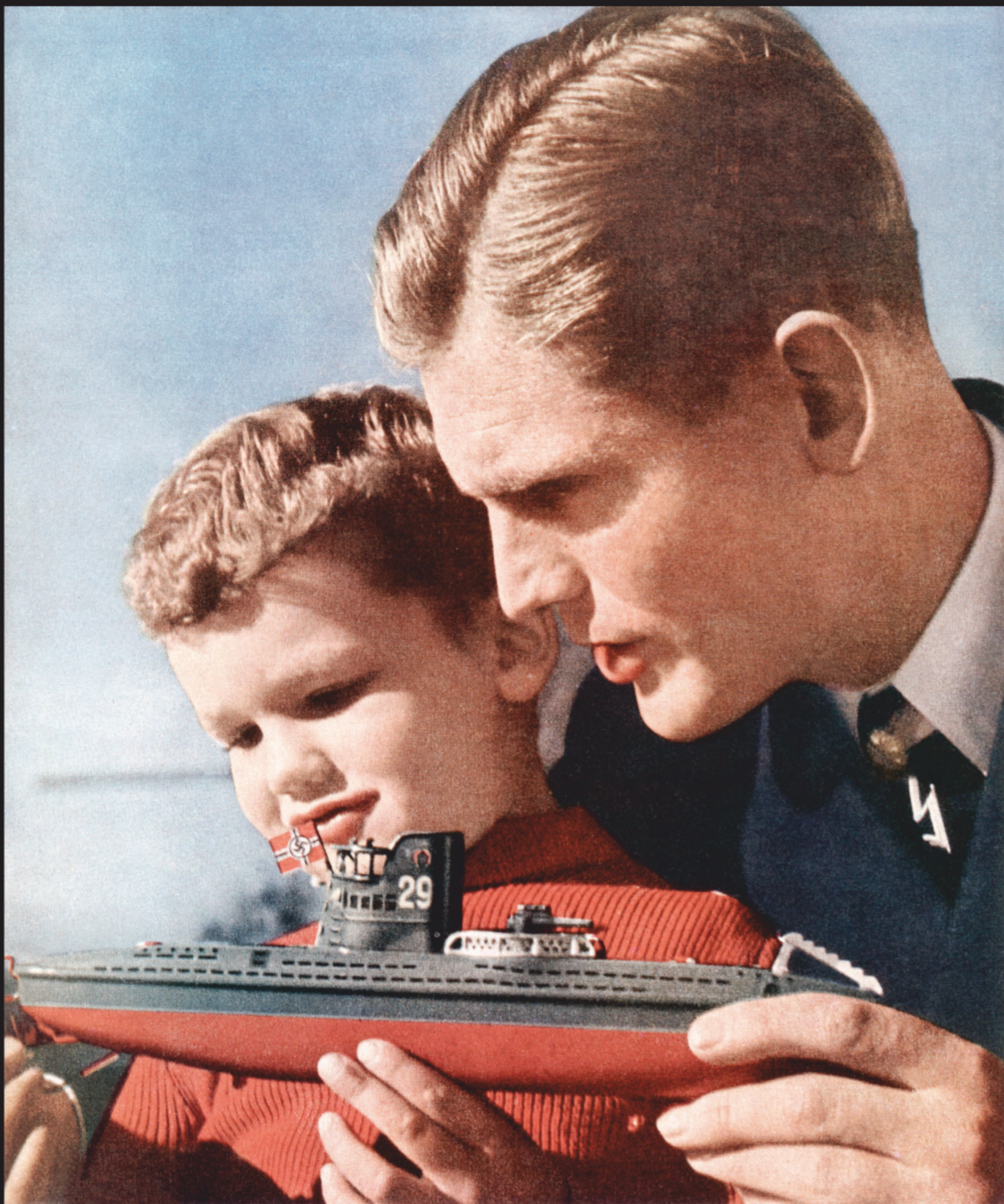
—Zita Ballinger Fletcher

BROWNSHIRTS FOR BABIES

This Brownshirt doll from the Bunker Museum of Hagen was made in 1935 and intended for three- and four-year-old children. Like many Nazi toys, the doll—in the dress of the early Nazi militia—features blond hair and blue eyes to advance the regime’s racial ideals.



ALL IMAGES COURTESY OF THE BUNKER MUSEUM OF HAGEN (GERMANY). EXCEPT WHERE NOTED; OPPOSITE: GALERIE BILDERWELT/GETTY IMAGES



PICTURE PERFECT

Nazi U-boat commander and war hero Joachim Schepke shows a model of a German submarine to a young boy in 1941. A constant onslaught of Nazi-themed toys created an environment where “children and youth accustomed to war games would volunteer for military service as early as age 15,” notes the Bunker Museum’s Michaela Beiderbeck. Nazi propaganda encouraged children to die for Hitler and the regime.

DECEITFUL TOYS



ALL IN THIS TOGETHER

Board games such as *Vereint-gegen den Feind* (United Against the Enemy), left, were common playthings. During the war years, with German industries channeling their efforts into producing war materiel, toy manufacturers had access to paper products only. As the war dragged on, manufacturers' resources further dwindled—as did their audience, with young boys and Hitler Youth deployed to fight.

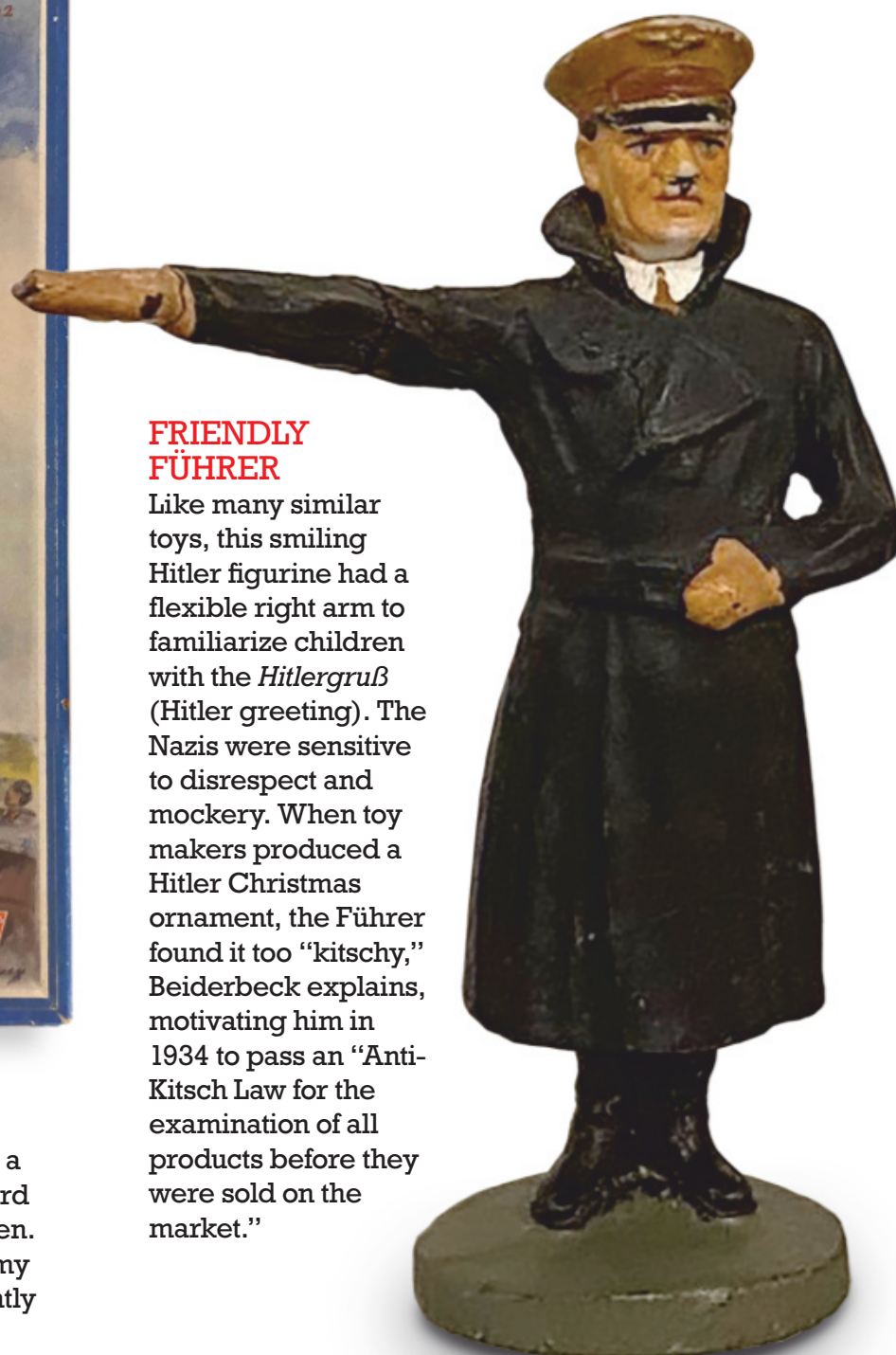
MULTIPLAYER POWER GRAB

In the board game *Durch Kampf zum Sieg!* (Through Struggle to Victory!), opposite, players participate in the Nazis' 1933 rise to power. Beiderbeck calls it the rarest and most frightening item in the exhibit. "Hitler was always distinctly celebrated as the strong Führer and was also featured as a hero in scenes in children's magazines, but this game literally revolves entirely around him on the playing board," she says.



DOWN WITH THE ENEMY

Cover art for the Eagle Air Defense Game (above) shows a British bomber crashing in flames. A majority of Nazi board games focused on air battles and demonized Allied airmen. Play involved identifying, reporting, and destroying enemy planes—all intended to incite hostility. The tactic apparently worked: during the war, German townspeople often massacred Allied aircrews who crash-landed in Germany.



FRIENDLY FÜHRER

Like many similar toys, this smiling Hitler figurine had a flexible right arm to familiarize children with the *Hitlergruß* (Hitler greeting). The Nazis were sensitive to disrespect and mockery. When toy makers produced a Hitler Christmas ornament, the Führer found it too "kitschy," Beiderbeck explains, motivating him in 1934 to pass an "Anti-Kitsch Law" for the examination of all products before they were sold on the market."

Durch Kampf zum Sieg!



Lehr- u. Unterhaltungs-Spiel für Jung u. Alt.



DECEITFUL TOYS



SHAPING CONQUEST

This set of puzzle blocks glamorizing war was intended for two- to four-year-olds, with images designed to shape their views. The scene in the foreground shows mounted soldiers deploying; an idealized German village is in the background. Families are minimized at a distance—Nazism emphasized duty to the state. Strikingly, a tombstone appears in the lower left corner, an indication that Nazi-inspired manufacturers wished to familiarize even the very young with the concept of death.



HOT-BAKED FASCISM

A swastika-shaped cookie cutter makes disturbingly clear, Beiderbeck says, “that the swastika as the symbol of the Nazi Party was all-present,” with the totalitarian regime even taking control of “baked goods for children.”

WAR MACHINES FOR TEENAGE DREAMS

The Nazi regime sought to appeal to idealistic teenagers through books (opposite) like *Utz Fights for Hitler* and *Ulla: A Hitler Maiden* (both 1933). Both main characters experience difficulties until events and persuasive arguments help convert them to diehard Nazism. The energetic Utz becomes a “blood witness”—a potential martyr—for Hitler, while the romantic Ulla transforms into an ideal partner for a Nazi man. Both characters have German names of non-Christian origin, reflecting the Nazi Party’s goal of creating a new state religion based on nationalism.



“With a devotion she had never before experienced,” Ulla “sang, her gaze fixed to the flags.”



With a change of posture, a bit of car grease, and some soot from a stovepipe, a spy could quickly transform himself from a respectable businessman into an innocuous hobo. The OSS knew the “surest way to hide is to be one of the crowd.”

MAKEUP ARTIST TO THE SPIES

A peacetime Hollywood cosmetics expert became an OSS master of disguise, helping wartime agents hide in plain sight

By April White



Naval Reserve Specialist Newton J. Jones turned his skills as a leading Hollywood makeup artist into a valuable wartime asset for the OSS.

United States Naval Reserve Specialist Second Class Newton J. Jones stood 5 feet 9 3/4 inches tall. He had short-cropped brown hair, a prominent nose, and the pale complexion of his mother's Swedish ancestors. In the summer of 1944, he was 36 years old, with laugh lines beginning to deepen around his slate-gray eyes.

But all that could be changed in an instant.

Jones knew that if he slumped his shoulders and wore his trousers low on his hips so that the fabric pooled at his ankles, he could shave several inches off his height. Allowing his jacket to hang open, its pockets stuffed with newspapers to weigh it down, would enhance the effect. Shoeblack painted on the collar and cuffs would make the garment appear soiled from nights spent sleeping rough, and some car grease stippled across his cheeks would mimic a days-old beard. His hair and eyebrows could be blackened with soot from inside a stovepipe; the same ash, mixed with rust scraped from a water heater vent, could be used to create the appearance of heavy bags beneath his eyes, gaunt cheeks, and a crooked nose, perhaps broken in a long-ago bar brawl. A small stone slipped into the heel of one of his socks would give him the stuttering step of an ailing man—and suddenly, Jones was no longer a hale American naval specialist on a secret assignment from the director of the Office of Strategic Services. He was a stooped and elderly tramp, easily overlooked on the streets of any city.

Jones's ability to transform one person into someone else entirely was invaluable in Hollywood, where he had been an in-demand movie makeup man for more than a decade, but now he had been asked to take his talents into the operational theaters of World War II. Armed with only his makeup kit, Jones would teach the espionage agents of the OSS how to hide in plain sight. "If just one of the things you learn will save the neck of just one operator in this war—it is well worth all the effort we have put into it," Jones told the spies he drilled on personal disguise in 1944 and 1945. "Remember—that man might be you."

OSS DIRECTOR Bill Donovan wanted his agents everywhere. "Wild Bill," as he was known, had convinced President Franklin D. Roosevelt to establish the intelligence organization in June 1942 with the promise of a new



Jones's long career in showbiz left him touched with the "frenetic drive and tension of the industry."

weapon for the war: information. "Strategy, without information upon which it can rely, is helpless," Donovan warned the president. To obtain this valuable intelligence, he staffed the OSS with "men calculatingly reckless with disciplined daring." The next challenge was inserting his spies behind enemy lines, a mission that would require the cooperation of America's allies. Donovan had spent early December 1943 in testy negotiations with China's intelligence chief, General Dai Li, for permission to send operatives into that country to surveil the encroaching Japanese forces. In late December, the director headed to Moscow in hopes of forging an alliance with the NKGB, the Soviet secret police. But there would be no bargaining for access to Germany.

The question of how to infiltrate the Reich was on the director's mind as he hopscotched around the Mediterranean in the winter of 1944. There, Donovan heard stories of thousands from France who had been pressed into labor at factories in Germany. Could OSS agents pass as young French workers? "I directed that a study be made at once to deter-

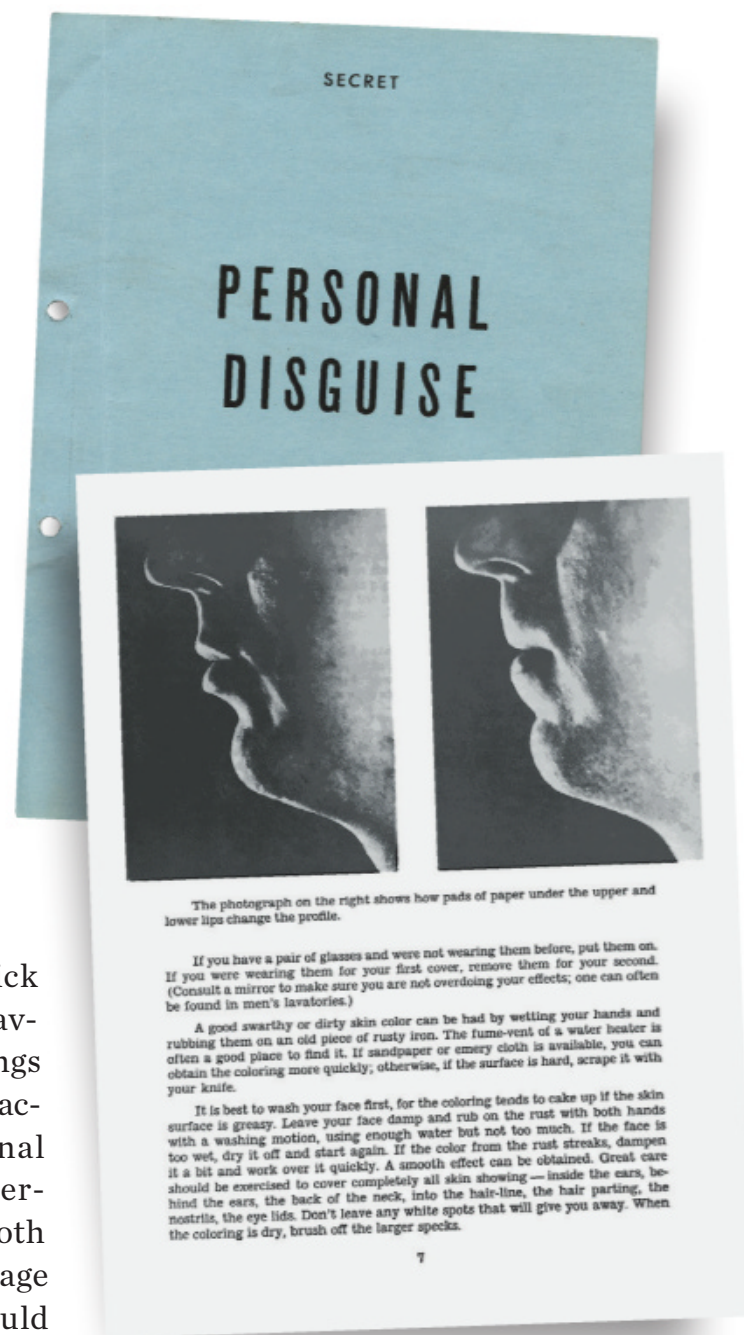
The company founded by makeup mogul Max Factor, here with actress Bette Davis, loaned its cosmetics workshops to the American war effort.

mine if something might be done to instruct intelligence agents in the use of simple disguises," Donovan informed his deputy.

The London branch of the OSS already had a props department to rival that of any movie studio. The Research and Development Division's secret "Camouflage Shop" was located at 14 Mount Row in London's upscale Mayfair neighborhood. By the time Newton Jones arrived in late summer 1944, printing presses clattered and sewing machines whirled, producing counterfeit documents and picture-perfect European clothing, some secured with hollow buttons for hiding contraband. Even among the closed-lipped agents of the Camouflage Shop, Jones and his mission were a cipher. "No information or advanced notice was given relative to his arrival," complained one higher-up, and "he is reluctant to pass on any information to us."

The mysterious Jones had been a member of the OSS's Field Photographic Branch since 1942. The branch itself got its start in Hollywood in 1940 under the direction of John Ford. As in the credits of his Oscar-winning movies, Ford took top billing as commander of the Naval Reserve unit; cinematographers were his lieutenants; and grips, special-effects artists, and makeup men populated the lowlier ranks. In its earliest days, when the United States was still at peace, the reserve unit had mustered on a giant soundstage at 20th Century-Fox. The dimensions of a ship's deck were taped out on the floor. The men learned—as every navy man must—to salute when coming onto the quarterdeck, but they drilled not with guns, but with Mitchell cameras and the film ends left over from Westerns and love stories. When the war came, "the cream of Hollywood motion picture technicians"—as Donovan said when he brought the naval unit into the OSS—aimed their lenses at coastlines and airports, trade routes and troop movements, and produced training videos. Jones had a decidedly unglamorous job in postproduction, adding title screens to the footage—until 1944, when Donovan's disguise request arrived.

Lieutenant Ray Kellogg, the acting head of the Field Photographic Branch, had known Jones was the right man for the undertaking Donovan described. Jones had been in Holly-



wood since the arrival of the talkie. From his start as a blueprint boy for famed Paramount art director William Cameron Menzies in 1928, Jones had made his name as a makeup magician. When, in 1937, Jones transformed mezzo-soprano Gladys Swarthout into a 1920s Austrian beauty for *Champagne Waltz*, she told people she had the “bewildered feeling she is someone else every time she peers into a mirror.” Other subjects, though, were far less willing. After Jones wrestled Henry Fonda into pancake makeup in 1938’s *I Met My Love Again*, someone tattled to the papers about the star’s aversion to cosmetics. As one reporter described it, Fonda “practically has to be bound and gagged before a makeup man can get a dash of this or that on his face to kill a shadow in a close-up for some particular scene.”

The persuasive makeup man also had a knack for making something from nothing: Jones had carved soap into an army for the miniature sets used to create sweeping battle-scapes in Cecil B. DeMille’s *The Crusades* in 1935 and painted a Great Dane into the spitting image of a tiger for another film. After so many years in showbiz, Jones was “touched,” the OSS personnel department cautioned, “with some of the frenetic drive and tension of the industry,” and there was a “component of instability in this man.” But in a city under siege, tasked with rapidly training agents destined for enemy territory, those qualities would be more benefit than detriment.

JONES SPENT the month of September 1944 in London developing a curriculum on the

basics of disguise, both quick changes with materials scavenged from one’s surroundings for eluding pursuit, and character changes with professional makeup for long-term undercover work. He would train both agents preparing for espionage missions and those who would teach these skills to others.

“It will not try the impossible: to turn them into skilled make up men in a few easy lessons,” Jones reminded his superiors. “All, however, should be able to learn enough basic rules and tricks on disguises to make the effort well worth while.” He would show pupils how to transform their clothing, change their posture and gait, and reshape their features. False mustaches would be a particular point of focus; Jones spent significant time locating a reliable source for the delicate, handcrafted prosthetics. Most importantly, though, he planned to instruct on human behavior. In his first lecture, he advised, “People as a whole, fortunately, are very unobservant. Put an accepted commonplace label on a man or a thing and most people never go any deeper. The surest way to hide is to be one of the crowd.”

Jones’s first two students were “Gene” and “Bob,” two agents whom he referred to in memos only by those code names. Gene and Bob were assigned to “Milwaukee Lookout,” a new outpost established in Luxembourg for the purpose of infiltrating Germany. He only needed a few hours with them on Friday, October 6, before putting their new skills to the test

In 1944, Jones and the Field Photographic Branch produced the secret “Personal Disguise” manual, with detailed instructions on how agents in the field could affect their appearance. For example, with nose plugs (top, left) or pads of paper tucked under his lips (above), an OSS man could easily alter his facial features.



ROLL-17-18

— AND MIXED TO OBTAIN THE DESIRED COLOR



ROLL-17-18



Jones created a unique skin rub composed of red, yellow, and black iron oxide powders which, when blended in various proportions, could produce different camouflaging flesh tones. The storyboard for his "War Paint" training film demonstrates how to mix the powders in the field (top).

the following day. The men collected materials—rust, soot, and ashes—and together spent nine minutes giving Gene a "quick change." With his arms akimbo, a coat gathered loosely in one crooked arm and a hat held in his hand at his other hip,

his stance casual, his face bare and his smile wide, Gene was short with a solid build, an affable salesman. Moments later, wearing the hat and a pair of dark-rimmed glasses, a carefully trimmed mustache attached with spirit gum above a tight grimace, his shoulders thrown back and spine straight, Gene was a tall, slender, and severe attorney. He "wandered through the bldg. and classes," Jones noted. "All students saw him; none recognized him."

Despite this success, Jones would not be in London for much longer. His superiors believed his skills were also needed in the Pacific Theater. Before he departed in late October 1944, he began writing a 33-page manual titled "Personal Disguise" to be distributed to OSS bases. It covered everything he had taught to Gene and Bob and offered the same advice, in all caps, that an actor might hear on a Hollywood soundstage: "Disguise must be to a great extent an *internal* matter. The less there is of it on the outside the better."

THE TRICKS AND TOOLS of a Hollywood makeup artist had served Jones well in London. The well-known brand names he relied on needed little adaptation for use in the agents' European destinations. Max Factor No. 6 blue-gray eye shadow transformed alert eyes into tired ones on a backlot or in Vichy

France. Arrid antiperspirant may have been more commonly found underneath arms in Los Angeles, but the same formula could be rubbed along the upper lip to keep a hair lace mustache in place in Slovakia. And Inecto Rapid hair dye was as convincing on the big screen as it was behind enemy lines—though only for assignments lasting fewer than two weeks, lest the spy's roots begin to show.

The same was not true in China, Burma, India, and Singapore, where Jones was dispatched beginning in November 1944. There, the air was heavy and humid, mosquito repellent was essential, and the missions undertaken by the OSS's Detachment 101 were those of a special-forces group, not of undercover agents. They ambushed Japanese troops, trained local militias, and rescued downed airmen. In Europe, Jones had been concerned with the close-up; spies had to withstand face-to-face scrutiny. In Asia, he was preoccupied with the long shot—the long shot of a Japanese sniper for whom a white American operative among brown-skinned local troops was an "automatic bull's-eye."

"It is absolutely essential to know the individual problems involved before it is possible to know the materials to use or how best to use them," he argued forcefully in a memo to Lieutenant Kellogg. Each region presented its own challenges, and none of the methods that Jones had devised in London could be applied in Asia. "The wrong materials for a particular area are worse than nothing—They are dangerous as hell!"

The men of Detachment 101 needed something Jones did not have in his makeup kit. They needed "war paint."

IN THE FOGGY ASSAM VALLEY of far eastern India, the resourceful Jones set about manufacturing a potent skin-coloring agent concocted from the same iron oxides that provided pigment for the eye shadows and lip rouges he was familiar with. It took much trial and error to find the combinations of red, yellow, and black oxides to mimic the complexions of the region's different ethnic groups. "This is it," Jones finally wrote in a February 6, 1945, memo smeared with a rusty red powder, which, when spread in varying amounts on exposed skin, could effectively disguise an outsider.

At first Jones made the war paint by hand, measuring the colors as carefully as he could in the field and grinding each batch for 15 minutes in a mortar. If he tapped and tamped the power, he could press 13.5 grams into a small, easy-to-hide vial, enough for 25 applications. Jones made 50 vials—about two days' work—which were dropped for troops on and behind Japanese lines, and then made 100 more. When Colonel Ray Peers, commander of Detachment 101, requested another 3,000 vials, Jones enlisted the most prominent Hollywood cosmetics producer for help.

Max Factor & Company was synonymous with "makeup" in the motion picture industry. When the greasepaint sticks used in stage production proved inadequate for the early era of Hollywood, the company pioneered a creamy foundation that looked just right under studio lights. By the '20s, the firm had a full line of film-friendly products and a reputation for beautifying the industry's biggest stars, including Lana Turner and Rita Hayworth.

The cosmetics company supported the war effort publicly with Tru-Color lipstick—the brand on the lips of every pinup girl—and leg makeup, a liquid substitute for the nylon stockings rationed during the war. More quietly, Max Factor lent its research and development department to the U.S. government. Jones knew that the microgrinding machine used to produce fine powders for the firm's cosmetics could make war paint. He rushed back to the States in the spring of 1945 to strike the deal and, with the company's help, also developed a hair black that could withstand the sweat and rain of the jungle. The company hired extra help to fulfill the contract, and, by the end of the war, it produced at least 8,000 containers of skin and hair coloring to be carried



by troops operating on the front lines in Asia.

Jones never received a credit for the most important makeovers he ever did, but some of his efforts were captured on film. In 1945, Jones himself produced an eight-minute movie for the Field Photographic Branch on the proper application of war paint. He carefully sketched out a storyboard and wrote and rewrote the script. The final scene, filmed on location in the Pacific Theater, introduces fellow OSS agent Bob Flaherty—"a man," the narrator intones, "who knows this war." The young guerrilla fighter looks like the type of leading man who would argue with Jones over the need for makeup, but Flaherty applies the war paint quickly and expertly.

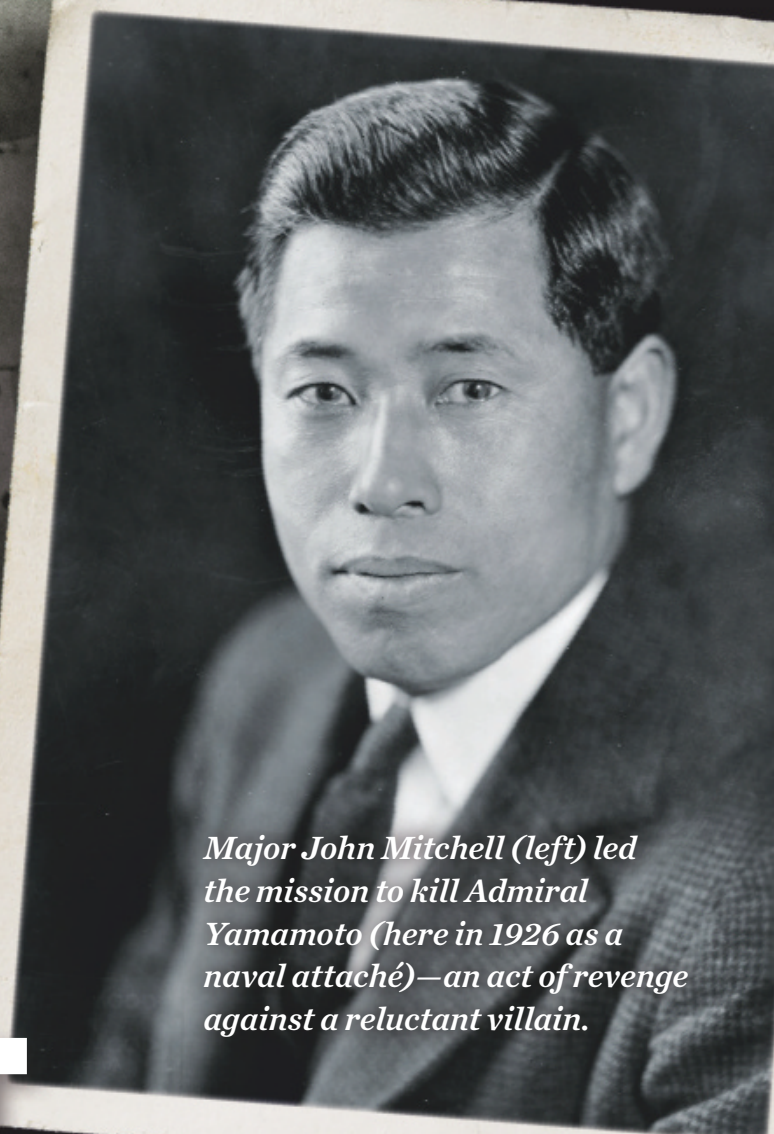
"Do you like that stuff, Bob?" the narrator asks the agent.

"You're goddamn right I do," Bob mouths.

"Are you going to use it?"

"Hell, yes!" ★

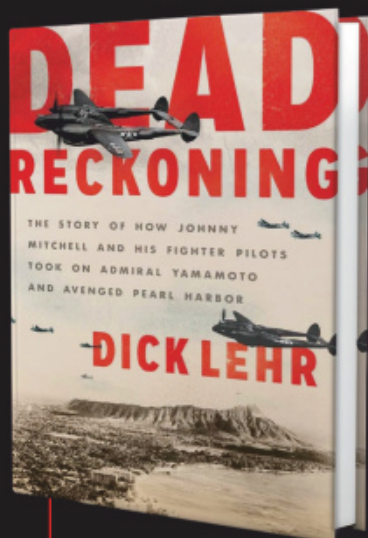
Working near enemy lines in the Pacific Theater, OSS agent Bob Flaherty applies Jones's concoction to darken his exposed arms and face, making him less of a target for Japanese snipers.



Major John Mitchell (left) led the mission to kill Admiral Yamamoto (here in 1926 as a naval attaché)—an act of revenge against a reluctant villain.

REVIEWS BOOKS

TARGET ACQUIRED



DEAD RECKONING
The Story of How Johnny Mitchell and His Fighter Pilots Took on Admiral Yamamoto and Avenged Pearl Harbor
By Dick Lehr.
416 pp. Harper, 2020. \$28.99.

ADMIRAL ISOROKU Yamamoto's death during a crucial juncture in the Pacific War robbed Japan of its chief naval architect—and of a beloved national figure—even as it provided Americans with the payback they craved. *Dead Reckoning*, a riveting new book by journalist and Pulitzer Prize–finalist Dick Lehr, tells the story of how the infamous planner of the Pearl Harbor attack met his end in the skies above Bougainville in the Solomon Islands on April 18, 1943.

Dead Reckoning follows two figures: Yamamoto and U.S. Army Air Forces pilot Major John W. “Mitch” Mitchell, the leader of Operation Vengeance, the military mission to kill Yamamoto. But although Lehr's book is indeed something of a revenge tale (parallels are drawn between the Japanese admiral and Osama bin Laden, a comparative modern-day villain), *Dead Reckoning* benefits the most from Lehr's successful efforts to humanize Yamamoto.

While understandably disparaged by the American media, Yamamoto was a reluctant

warrior whose goal was not to conquer the United States but to force a peace agreement that would protect Japan's economic interests in the Pacific. He was a modest officer who had outsmarted and outworked his peers to become the most prominent of his country's military leaders. And importantly, Yamamoto, who valued honor, insisted that the United States be notified that a state of war existed before Japan's December 7, 1941, attack. He was mortified when his own government failed to deliver that communiqué until after Pearl Harbor was in flames.

Indeed, Lehr effectively portrays the admiral as a revered figure who rather uncomfortably bore on his shoulders the weight of his country's expectations. But what he secretly confided to just a few people was his view that the U.S. could not be defeated. As devastating as Pearl Harbor proved to be, it was not the knockout blow Yamamoto believed was needed to force a thus-far neutral United States to the negotiating table.

The shock of defeat at Midway in June 1942

further disheartened the Rising Sun's most notable military leader, as he knew the window was closing on Japan's chance at victory. He did not see, however, that his own days were numbered: less than a year later, in April 1943, he decided to set out from his base at Rabaul, New Guinea, and tour several Japanese-held islands. Yamamoto's itinerary was cabled to their commanders, and when codebreakers intercepted it, Operation Vengeance was born.

For the Allies, debate ensued about the morality of assassinating a foreign military leader, even during wartime. Persuasive arguments in favor were that the bomber that would be carrying Yamamoto on April 18 was equivalent to the admiral being on his flagship—a legitimate target—and that a surprise attack would be appropriate payback for the date that lived in infamy.

Admiral Chester Nimitz authorized an attempt to shoot down the bomber, and he granted supervision of the mission to Admiral William "Bull" Halsey. Eventually, that assignment found its way to a group of P-38 pilots led by Mitchell. The tick-tock telling of the ensuing pursuit is gripping, and its successful follow-through is cause for jubilation for Mitchell—but readers themselves might feel a twinge of sadness, as Lehr has succeeded in transforming the exalted admiral from wartime caricature into three-dimensional human being.

The impact on Japan of the attack on Yamamoto can be compared to that of Pearl Harbor's impact on the United States, even though the Imperial High Command kept the Bougainville strike secret for more than a month after Yamamoto's death. Unlike the U.S. after December 7, 1941, however, Japan did not, of course, rally and regroup to win the war; the death of Yamamoto was a morale-crusher as well as a military defeat. Even his successor, Admiral Mineichi Koga, lamented, "There was only one Yamamoto. His loss is an unsupportable blow to us." War in the Pacific would continue for more than two years, but with very few exceptions it would lead to one blood-soaked defeat after another for Japan.

Although World War II buffs will begin this book knowing fully well how it ends, Lehr knows how to tell and structure a good story: *Dead Reckoning* is a thoroughly researched book that readers will want to put down only once they've reached the final page. —*Thomas Clavin* is a New York Times bestselling author who's written or co-written 18 books.

REVIEWS BOOKS

ELEGY FOR DRESDEN

THE DESTRUCTION of the beautiful eastern German city of Dresden in February 1945 by three waves of British and American bombers looms large in the history of aerial warfare. In the space of just a few hours, the catastrophic firestorm claimed tens of thousands of civilian lives and priceless architectural treasures. Though other German and Japanese cities suffered greater death tolls, the spectacle of Dresden's annihilation came to symbolize total war. The raid is already the subject of dozens of books; Sinclair McKay, however, has produced an unusually compelling portrait of Dresden's history, devastation, and rebirth.

Dresden's prewar history is a rich tapestry of culture and contradiction, and McKay, a journalist who has written several World War II histories, devotes nearly a third of his book to recounting it. The Saxony capital was a haven for art, music, and cutting-edge scientific research—but also an early and enthusiastic adopter of Nazism and anti-Semitism.

McKay has a particular affinity for both Dresden's prewar architecture and the personal stories of its inhabitants, and he weaves these details into the narrative as the bombers begin their attack—the book's emotional and narrative heart. He includes the words of noted witnesses like prisoner of war and future novelist Kurt Vonnegut and German diarist and scholar Victor Klemperer. Yet most voices belong to ordinary citizens whose accounts McKay mined from the Dresden City Archives: a lab assistant at the local university, teenagers mobilized for rescue work, and citizens rich and poor.

In capturing the raid's horror, McKay resists the temptation to label the bombing a war crime. A war crime, he argues, "implies intentionality and rational decision-making." Certainly, the Allies wanted to cripple Dresden, which they viewed as a vital transportation hub; the ghastly effects of the ensuing firestorm on its population was not their intent. Even McKay's portrayal of Royal Air Force Bomber Command chief Sir Arthur Harris, the commander most associated with Britain's ruthless saturation bombing of cities, is nuanced; McKay concludes that Harris was neither vengeful nor inhuman, if grimly focused on the destruction of German resistance. The eyewitness accounts the author includes, however, offer a mixed verdict. One survivor—a 10-year-old girl at the time—recalled thinking "How can they be so cruel?" and many Dresden residents harbored great anger against the "air gangsters" for their promiscuous "piling on." Others came to (continued on page 75)



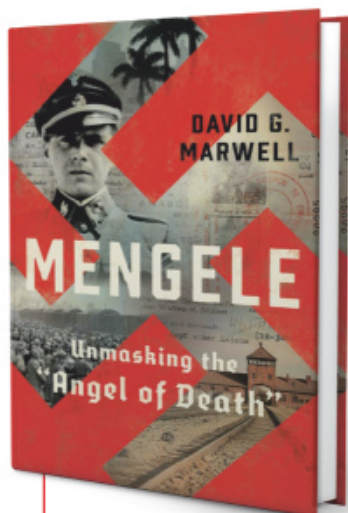
THE FIRE AND THE DARKNESS The Bombing of Dresden, 1945

By Sinclair McKay.
369 pp. St. Martin's Press, 2020. \$32.50.

Future Auschwitz doctor Josef Mengele, here in Frankfurt circa 1935, trained with Germany's top eugenicists.

REVIEWS BOOKS

FALLEN ANGEL



MENGELE Unmasking the “Angel of Death”

By David G. Marwell. 432 pp.
W.W. Norton & Company, 2020.
\$30.

IN LATE 1940, just three years before assuming the role of Auschwitz’s “Angel of Death,” Josef Mengele was a young German medical officer on his first combat assignment with the 5th Waffen SS “Viking” Division. Mengele received the Iron Cross for helping wounded soldiers while under fire; one of his superiors recommended promotion, describing the young man as a “mature, upright, and absolutely reliable person who has the full confidence of his superiors and subordinates.”

This early glimpse of the notorious figure as a promising physician is just one surprising anecdote to emerge from historian David Marwell’s *Mengele: Unmasking the “Angel of Death.”* Perhaps even more surprising is the book’s extensive research showing that Mengele’s skewed scientific ideas and practices were actually typical of the era’s medical research community in Germany.

Marwell began writing this book in 2016 using recently declassified CIA files, a secret Mossad dossier, and a vast trove of the Nazi doctor’s private papers. He uses them to trace the making of Mengele, beginning with his childhood as the eldest son of a wealthy family in Bavaria. Despite a start as a lackluster student, Mengele found inspiration in medicine and anthropology and rose steadily as a uni-

versity graduate scholar. But in May 1943, Mengele’s fate changed forever when he reported for duty at the Nazi death camp of Auschwitz-Birkenau, fresh from a stint at an eminent medical research institute in Berlin.

With an astonishing number of documented examples, Marwell explains how Mengele would go on to establish a robust, scientifically credible research institute at Auschwitz according to “established” (albeit pseudoscientific) concepts of racial hygiene. Were its objectives dubious? Not as described by Marwell, who points out that the goals of eugenics were regarded as acceptable around the world at the time. Were the circumstances of its collection of data—grisly forced experiments replete with amputations, blood transfusions, and deliberate infections—horrendously immoral? Absolutely.

Mengele’s reputation as the Angel of Death grew from his work on the Auschwitz railroad platform where prisoners arrived. He was one of several camp doctors who met trains and sent the very young, frail, and elderly in one direction to their deaths in gas chambers and healthy prisoners in the other direction to worker barracks. But his control over which prisoners would be forced to undergo experimental procedures for his own research—particularly twin children, prized for use in the study of genetics—cemented his reputation as a demon. A knee-jerk reaction to these atrocities is natural, but there is more to consider regarding Mengele’s motivations, Marwell writes. “The notion of Mengele as unhinged, driven by demons, and indulging grotesque and sadistic impulses should be replaced by something perhaps even more unsettling,” he explains. “Mengele was, in fact, in the scientific vanguard, enjoying the confidence and mentorship of the leaders in his field.”

After World War II, Mengele evaded capture despite sightings in Germany and across South America. Marwell himself enters the story in 1985 as a Justice Department special investigator tasked with using history as a forensic tool to revive the lapsed investigation into Mengele’s final years. As far as the public knew, Mengele’s 40-year escape from history ended June 21, 1985, in São Paulo, Brazil, when teams of prosecutors and scientists identified a set of exhumed bones as belonging to the Nazi fugitive. But lingering doubts about this conclusion led Marwell and a team of international investigators to look for additional

proof that the Brazilian bones were authentic.

As the book progresses, the team's quest evolves into a labyrinthine investigation involving an FBI laboratory at the cutting edge of DNA forensic research; lie detector negotiations between German prosecutors and two Hungarian emigres who had shielded Mengele in Brazil; and a murder mystery-esque subplot in which Mengele's middle-aged son, Rolf, is duped into surrendering a DNA sample—confirming without question that the exhumed bones in Brazil belonged to his father.

At a book signing for *Mengele: Unmasking the "Angel of Death"* earlier this year, an elderly attendee, her face creased in pain, decried Marwell's decision to trace Mengele's life in a way that suggests he was in fact an ordinary human being. Marwell nodded and listened. His book, however, draws a hauntingly pointed conclusion: "It is easier to dismiss an individual monster than to recognize the monstrous that can emerge from otherwise respected and enshrined institutions."

As this exceptional work clarifies, Josef Mengele was an ordinary person capable of extraordinary cruelty—and zealously mindful of his duty to a vicious regime. —*John Martin is a former ABC News national correspondent.*

(Dresden, continued from page 73)

see the cataclysmic raid as just retribution for Germany's crimes.

The Fire and the Darkness is not a traditional military history. Readers should look elsewhere if they're seeking information about the participation of individual RAF and U.S. Army Air Forces squadrons, an analysis of the Allied command's decision-making policies, or a thorough "anatomy of a raid" treatment. Frederick Taylor's 2004 book *Dresden: Tuesday, February 13, 1945* remains the most thorough operational treatment of the raid's planning and effects.

Yet McKay's work still offers something unique. More than any other author, he links February 1945's destruction to Dresden's larger history—both present and past—and its people. To quote the words of one bombing survivor, "A fire went out from Germany, and went around the world in a great arc and came back to Germany." This is an important book, and—in striking contrast to its grim subject matter—a beautifully written one. —*Richard R. Muller teaches military history at the School of Advanced Air and Space Studies, Maxwell Air Force Base, Alabama.*



REVIEWS GAMES

ARMORED RESURRECTION

TANK MECHANIC SIMULATOR

DeGenerals, \$19.99. Available for purchase on Steam.

WORLD WAR II RATING ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

THE BASICS Unlike most tank-focused World War II video games, *Tank Mechanic Simulator* doesn't recreate armored combat. Players instead drive across Europe's former fronts in search of long-abandoned tanks to renovate and sell.

THE OBJECTIVE As a salvager, you're equipped with a metal detector, a shovel, and maps showing the locations of buried tanks. Driving from wreck to wreck, you dig up vehicles and haul them off to a mechanical workshop to remove rust, fix and reassemble broken parts, and ultimately restore the antique fighters to their former glory. Once a tank is completed you can either sell it, display your handiwork inside a brand-new museum, or take it for test drives on a shooting range.

HISTORICAL ACCURACY The tanks' interior and exterior details are realistically textured and molded right down to their bolts, springs, and hand cranks.

THE GOOD, THE BAD, AND THE UGLY The game's strong suits include its detailed graphics—particularly of individual tank parts—and the workshop's extensive interactive repair options. Some interactives, though, are crudely rendered; for example, players can strip away the paint job covering a tank's entire hull panel with just one click, and when they dig for buried tanks the surrounding ground simply sinks away from the shovel with no real digging animation.

PLAYABILITY Controls are simple and easy to learn, and helpful pop-up hints point out which tank parts need repairs and the tools required to make them.

THE BOTTOM LINE *Tank Mechanic Simulator* is uniquely interactive, and armored combat enthusiasts will appreciate learning the finer details of antique tank assembly. That said, the game requires lots of attention to detail—without providing tons of action. —*Hayden A. Foster is an assistant editor at American Rifleman magazine.*

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PG PARENTAL GUIDANCE SUGGESTED
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BATTLE FILMS

BY MARK GRIMSLEY

THE POWER OF NONVIOLENCE

WE THINK OF POWER as something that originates with the high and mighty, cowing the rest of us into submission. But this view overlooks a central point: a person is only as powerful as those who obey him. Strip away obedience and he falls. This argument was forcefully made by the late Gene Sharp (1928-2018), an American political scientist known as "the Clausewitz of nonviolent warfare."

Dictatorships, Sharp posits, have inherent weaknesses that can be exploited by nonviolent resistance. It takes time, discipline, and strategic judgment, but the systematic use of certain tactics can topple

Allied POWs use an unlikely weapon—soccer—to defy the Nazis in John Huston's 1981 film *Escape to Victory* (marketed as *Victory*).

a seemingly impregnable regime. The secret is to strip away obedience via means the dictator cannot effectively counter by violence.

Directed by John Huston and released in 1981, *Escape to Victory* brilliantly illustrates Sharp's point. The film tells the story of Captain John Colby (played by Michael Caine), a British Army officer in a German prisoner-of-war camp who had been a professional soccer player before World War II. One day German major Karl von Steiner (Max von Sydow), himself a prewar soccer star, requests that Colby assemble and coach a team of Allied POWs to play against a German team. After bargaining for conditions to make the deal worthwhile—proper equipment, better food for team members, and above all, the inclusion of Polish and Czech players, who are being treated not as POWs but as forced laborers—Colby agrees to the match.

Initially planned on a modest scale, Steiner's superiors hijack the exhibition game, move it to a stadium in Paris, and buy off its referee from a neutral country (and therefore ostensibly neutral in his officiating) to ensure a German victory in front of thousands of Parisian spectators. And sure enough, the referee issues decisions during the game's first half that result in the Germans rapidly scoring four goals. But even after the Germans injure one of the Allied team's top players (Corporal Luis Fernandez, portrayed by Brazilian soccer legend Pelé), the POWs unexpectedly score a goal just before the half ends.

At halftime, the Allied players enter the visitors' locker room and discover something that only American goalie Robert Hatch (Sylvester Stallone) has known up until now: the French Resistance has used the sewer system running beneath the stadium to create a tunnel by which the whole team can escape. The men begin climbing down into the tunnel.

"I don't want to go," one player declares.

"Just shut up and get in there," Hatch snaps in reply.

"We can beat them," insists the player, and quickly others chime in: "Let's go back. We can win this." "It's not as though we're being slaughtered, Skipper."

Suddenly intrigued, Colby says, "What do you mean, we can win?" Hatch impatiently

urges Colby to get going, but Colby embraces the idea of playing the game's second half. There is just one problem: Hatch is the only goalie. If he leaves, the entire team must follow.

"Please, Hatch," implores Fernandez. "That game means a lot to us. You know that. You must go back. Hatch, if we run now, we lose more than a game."

The film cuts to Nazi flags waving above the stadium, and the team returns to the field. What follows is a stunning duel between the two sides (in part because many of the film's characters are played by professional soccer players). The Allied team racks up two goals, making the score 4 to 3, but then a third goal that would tie the game is rejected in a blatantly corrupt ruling by the referee.

The sidelined Fernandez tells Colby that he wants to return to the game. Colby permits him, and soon Fernandez scores the elusive goal with a dazzling overhead bicycle kick that spins him full circle. This feat decisively ties the match.

"*Victoire! Victoire!*" the crowd begins chanting. The Nazi officers presiding over the game realize their propaganda stunt is backfiring. Then Hatch saves a last-second penalty kick, ending the game in a tie that is really a win, as everyone knows the rejected goal was valid. The crowd begins singing France's national anthem, "La Marseillaise." Spectators spill onto the field by the hundreds, surrounding the Allied team, and the players are draped with coats and hats, allowing them to blend into the crowd and exit the stadium.

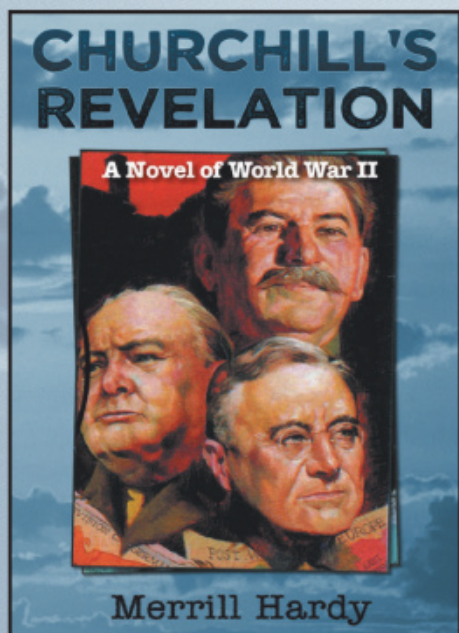
Colby and his men escape their captors, but the film's real power



"Hatch, if we run now, we lose more than a game."

lies not in their freedom, but the way in which it shows how a single soccer team can generate a mass protest the Nazis cannot counter. What are they going to do: murder the team? Murder everyone in the stadium for cheering the team or singing a song? Colby's team has struck a mighty blow against the Germans—and there's nothing they can do about it. ★

New WWII novel, 2nd in The Conditional Surrender Trilogy



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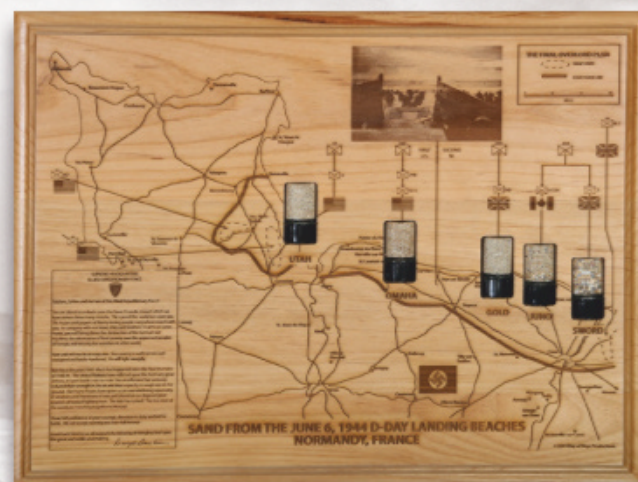
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CHALLENGE

BIG SHOT

We altered this photo of American soldiers in Germany in early 1945 to create one inaccuracy. What is it?



GETTY IMAGES; PHOTO ILLUSTRATION BY BRIAN WALKER

Answer to the April Challenge: We had a huge number of entries this time, with 213 of you correctly asserting that we changed the plane's name; the original is at far left. Many other readers pointed out that one crewman is incorrectly wearing his Mae West life vest under his flight jacket: we didn't touch that.

Congratulations to the winners: Ivar Edfeldt, Linda Reitzner, and Sharyn Sarvela

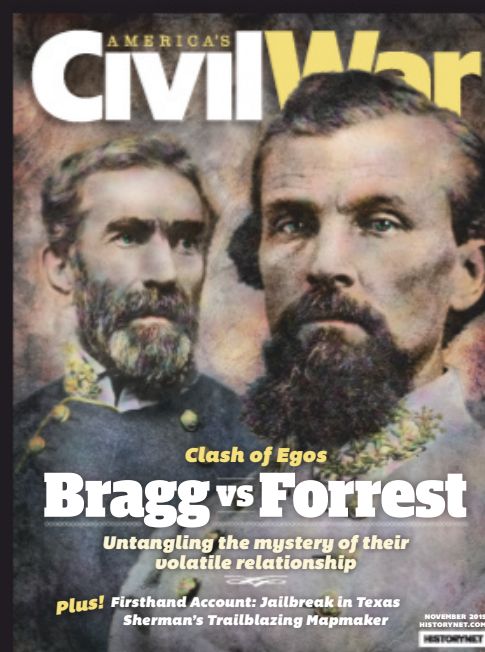
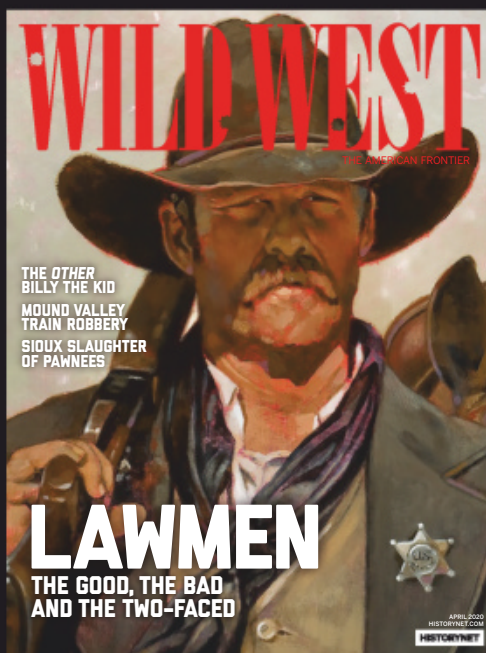
Please send your answer with your name and mailing address to: August 2020 Challenge, *World War II*, 1919 Gallows Road, Suite 400, Vienna, VA 22182; or email: challenge@historynet.com. Three winners, chosen at random from all correct entries submitted by August 31, 2020, will receive *Dead Reckoning* by Dick Lehr. The answer will appear in the December 2020 issue.

FAMILIAR FACE SPARK OF HUMOR

His lifelong nickname aptly came from a comic strip: Charles M. Schulz, creator of the beloved *Peanuts* strip, was known from infancy as “Sparky,” after a sad-eyed horse in *Barney Google*. The shy child became a melancholy adult and, in 1943, was drafted into the U.S. Army. Shortly before shipping out, he returned home to say farewell to his dying mother. “Goodbye, Sparky. We’ll probably never see each other again,” she told him. “I’ll never get over that scene as long as I live,” he said later. His unit, the 20th Armored Division’s 8th Armored Infantry Battalion, reached the front in Germany shortly before the war’s end. A staff sergeant leading a .50-caliber machine gun squad, he saw little action and recalled that the one time he wanted to fire the gun, he discovered it wasn’t loaded. Schulz was discharged in January 1946; *Peanuts* appeared just over four years later and ran nonstop for nearly 50 years. “Happiness does not create humor,” he once said. “There’s nothing funny about being happy. Sadness creates humor.”



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